This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

MARIA S. FOX.

600024666U

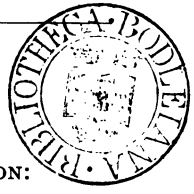
M. S. Fox.

MEMOIRS

OF

MARIA S. FOX.

"The path of the just is as a shining light;" and when these have been permitted, through infinite mercy, to attain to the perfect day, and are for ever at rest with their Saviour, whom they loved and sought to follow here below, the track by which they trod through this valley of tears, is still bright, and the contemplation of it is animating and instructive." P. 126.



LONDON:
S. HARRIS & CO., 5, BISHOPSGATE ST., WITHOUT.
PENRYN: J. GILL AND SON.
1874.

210. m. 468

This abridged Edition was originally prepared in America and published in Philadelphia in 1858.

In the present Edition a few additions as well as omissions have been made.

PREFACE.

THE following memoir of Maria Fox is an abridgment of the one edited by her husband and published in 1846. It consists almost wholly of selections from her letters and extracts from her Diary :—

In following the footsteps of Maria Fox, the reader can scarcely fail to be impressed with the remarkable completeness of her character, in which is presented a beautiful combination of womanly delicacy, intellectual culture, and earnest piety. Her writings abound with thoughts and feelings which so strikingly illustrate, not only her daily life, but the motive which prompted the scrupulous fulfilment of duty, that it has been a task of no small difficulty to decide what to omit in her husband's carefully compiled volume ; yet it was believed that her example, exhibiting so strongly the union of self-denial and submission to the divine will with the culture of the affections and the intellect and the rich enjoyment of the beautiful in nature, might be profitably placed within the reach of all. It is of rare occurrence that we are permitted to contemplate a character of such excellence, in which an abiding watchfulness over word and action, a holy zeal for the promotion of Truth, and love unfeigned for the brotherhood of mankind, are so conspicuously manifested. And it was felt that such an exhibition of Christian principle was greatly needed in every family. This little volume is the result of that conviction. The life, the study of which is commended to the reader, is not fraught with incident. Its early years were passed under the vigilant care of parents keenly alive to the best interests of their children. They filled, with great respectability, useful but not prominent positions in a small town in one of the

middle counties of England. They were very solicitous to do the utmost in their power for the education of their children, and paid great attention to the cultivation of their minds. Stimulated by a lively imagination and quickness of intellect, the subject of this memoir diligently availed herself of the advantages afforded her; and it may be inferred from an incidental remark of her own, that a sense of religious obligation also prompted her efforts in the acquisition of knowledge. Yet her attainments produced no self-complacency: her sound understanding, and more especially her experience as a Christian, enabled her to maintain an humble estimate of herself. The abiding sense of her own deficiency, and her desire to bring to the touch-stone of Truth not only "the words of her mouth" but "the meditations of her heart," are most instructive. Her private journal records her feelings of much self-abasement, and, at times, of depression; yet her trust in her Saviour was unfailing, deepening, and strengthening as she progressed in her Christian course. As a watchful, judicious, and most tender mother, full of solicitude and earnest in prayer for her children,—as a faithful wife and head of a Christian household, frugal that she might be liberal—as the sagacious counsellor and sympathizing friend—as the devoted labourer in her Master's vineyard, she has left to posterity the example of a life which, however severely she judged of it, could have been produced only under the beneficent influence of Christianity, and through submission to Him of whom it was promised that He would guide into all truth.

MEMOIRS OF MARIA FOX.

CHAPTER I.

MARIA FOX was born at Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire, on the 30th of the Third Month, 1793. Her parents, Benjamin and Tabitha Middleton, were highly-esteemed members of the Society of Friends, the former occupying for many years the station of elder, the latter, that of a minister.

The following letter, addressed by the subject of this memoir to her own children, contains touching and instructive evidence of the influence which these Christian parents exerted in their domestic circle :—

To B. M. F., S. L. F., AND J. H. F.

MY DEAR CHILDREN :—

Your mother's parents were removed from this world long before you were born ; but their memory is precious, and their pious example, in the various duties of their station, is often brought sweetly to my remembrance ; so that I think it will be interesting as well as instructive for you to possess such particulars respecting them as I may be able clearly to remember.

My dear father and mother lived in habits of close and confidential intimacy with their children; we enjoyed their conversation, and listened with delight when they related to us any circumstances of their past life that were likely to interest us, or to furnish lessons of instruction to our minds. My dear father would often engage our attention in this way. In the winter evenings, when we formed a happy circle round the fire, I sat in a little chair beside his knees, and used to listen with avidity to his recitals; some of the minute circumstances of which are fixed more firmly in my memory than many subsequent impressions.

Those are sweet and favoured hours when children enjoy the society of their parents in the mutual interchange of affection and confidence; and I love to retrace such seasons, and to dwell on the remembrance of those excellencies which adorned the Christian character of these beloved parents. Of them it might almost be said, in the words applied by Luke to Zacharias and Elizabeth, (and I have heard the text quoted by one who knew them intimately, in attempting to describe their character,) that they walked "in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless." Their conduct and conversation eminently adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour. They esteemed his service their noblest employment, and counted nothing too dear to part with for his sake. They were rich in works of faith and labours of love, but, in true humility of heart, held themselves ever as unprofitable servants, and rested their hope of salvation on the glorious promises of the gospel of Christ. *Their hearts* were enlarged in his love, so that it was

their delight, according to the ability He had given them, to "do good unto all men, especially unto them who" were "of the household of faith;" but that spirit of universal benevolence which led them to feel for the wants and the sorrows of their fellow-creatures without distinction did not withdraw them from the fulfilment of those more private duties which they owed to their family.

Of the manner in which they discharged their trust as parents, I can only say that it is the prayer of my heart, that *we* may be enabled, by the power of divine grace, so to care for you, our precious children, so to walk before you in humility and the fear of God, so to bear you upon our hearts before the throne of grace, and, when we shall be taken from you, to leave upon your minds such an impression as they have left upon the minds of their children of the beauty, as well as excellency, of vital religion.

You have had pious ancestors on both sides: may it be your fervent prayer to become followers of them as they followed Christ; patiently, humbly, meekly to tread that path of self-denial in which they were content to walk, looking, through faith in a crucified Saviour, towards the crown of life laid up at the end of the race for them who love his appearing!

So prays your affectionate mother, M. F.

At the time of her mother's decease, Maria Middleton was in her seventeenth year. Not any of her letters, nor any memoranda of a date previous to this event, have been preserved, nor have we any thing written by herself at a subsequent

period, that throws much light on her childhood and early youth. One of her school-fellows writes respecting her, "She was one of whom I retain a sweet remembrance; the purity of her character was such as to make her live in our best recollections. There was one girl in the school, particularly refractory; dear Maria, instead of avoiding her, as others of her companions did, thought she would do what she could for her reformation, and undertook the general care of her. Several times do I recollect joining her, while we retired with a candle behind the curtains in the dining-room, that we might be unobserved whilst we read the Bible and explained its contents to this naughty child. While thus principled, I remember her as a cheerful, happy girl, and one who was generally beloved by her companions."

"Dear M.," says another of her contemporaries "possessed a very ardent mind and lively imagination, with a strong inclination for literary pursuits and poetry; whatever she engaged in was consequently pursued with great earnestness, so as sometimes to require a little parental interference. With a mind that so eagerly grasped its object, with a memory uncommonly retentive, and with habits of steady perseverance, notwithstanding the comparatively few advantages of an intellectual kind offered to the young at that day, her talents could not fail to be cultivated, and her mind enriched. Her vivid fancy, her powers of description, her facility in conveying to those around her the information she possessed on a variety of subjects, united with a heart full of benevolent emo-

tions, rendered her a most delightful companion in the social and domestic circle; and I cannot forget, in the little visits to their friends and acquaintances, in which I was only an admiring spectator, the influence she then had on the company by her powers of conversation.

"Happily for her safety and preservation, and the comfort of her dear father, her mind was gradually brought under the power of divine grace, as her correspondence and poetical effusions will show; and, though some of her friends might at times fear lest, in the warmth of her feelings, her expressions should exceed the measure of her experience, it was not long before they had satisfactory evidence, that under the chastening hand, her religious character was increasing in strength and solidity; for when the influence of parental care and example was about to be withdrawn, her Heavenly Father saw fit to introduce her into such a course of discipline in the school of affliction, as, under the divine blessing, greatly tended to her subjection and refinement. After a time of domestic trial, dear M.'s health became very delicate, with strong indications of consumption, during which period, her peculiarly susceptible mind, connected with a delicate nervous system, often yielded to feelings of discouragement; but I believe it was sweetly evident to others that the Lord was near, carrying on his own work, and bringing her to an establishment on the one foundation."

The letter, from which an extract is inserted, was addressed, two months after the decease of her mother, to a near relative:

To E. J. W.

WELLINGBOROUGH, Twelfth Month, 13th, 1809.

MY DOUBLY-ENDEARED COUSIN:—

Thy cordial letter was very salutary to me, as a proof of thy continued affectionate sympathy, under the pressure of the present afflictive dispensation.... What can we say, but that He who gives has an undoubted right to take away, when and whatever he pleases; and since He has, in unerring wisdom, seen meet to deprive us of our most affectionate and tender mother, and to allot us a cup of suffering, oh! that He may enable us, and our tenderly beloved surviving parent, to place our dependence on Him who alone is able to raise above the trials of the day, and, whatever be our portion, humbly to submit, and in "everything to give thanks." Excuse, my beloved cousin, these unexpected effusions of a heart overflowing with a grateful sense of thy kindness, and believe me, with the warmest affection, thy MARIA.

On the 12th of the Seventh Month, 1814, her venerable father was removed by death, under circumstances of a deeply affecting character.

For some years previously he had been in a state of almost constant suffering from the effects of a painful malady. This suffering he bore with truly Christian patience; but, as the disorder continued to gain ground, and without any probability of its being subdued by other than surgical means, he resolved at length to submit to an operation, and Sir Astley Cooper was accordingly sent for. He

arrived on a First-day morning, attended by two other surgeons, just as the family-reading was concluded. The portion of Scripture that had been read, the hundred-and-second Psalm, was indeed peculiarly appropriate to such an exigency. Sir A. C. was afterwards heard to remark, that on entering the room, he was much impressed with the entire composure with which he was received, differing so widely from that which he was accustomed to witness on such occasions. The operation was skilfully and safely performed, and hopes entertained of the beloved sufferer's restoration; but such was not the will of Him who doeth all things well: the vital powers became exhausted, and in about ten days after, the redeemed spirit returned unto God who gave it.

The chastened spirit in which Maria Middleton met this affliction is shown in the following letter:

To M. T.

WELLINGBOROUGH, 14th of Seventh Month, 1815.

MY DEAR COUSIN:—

The communications of friendship must always be sweet to those who are capable of appreciating the value and tasting the delights of that sacred connection; but are they not peculiarly so when the mind is surrounded by sorrowful reflections, which, agonizing as they are, it loves to dwell upon and cherish? Be assured then, my dear M., that the endearing language of fellow-feeling that ran through thy last kind letter was most welcome and gratifying to me.

You and we have, indeed, been partakers of the same cup of bitterness: we have mourned, and must ever mourn, our loss by the removal of parents who were truly "worthy of double honour;" who, in their lives, exhibited a beautiful combination of Christian virtues and graces, and, by their final close, furnished a glorious evidence of the sufficiency of that divine power which is still able to extract the sting of death and rob the grave of victory. They "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided," but are undoubtedly become "fellow-citizens with the saints," dwelling within the pearl gates of the new and heavenly Jerusalem, and for ever employed in singing the praises of the Lamb, who was their leader and their salvation. John's description of this celestial city, to which thou alludest, is indeed highly beautiful. What an animating picture does it offer to the view! I am at times desirous that I may not rest satisfied with contemplating the excellencies of my departed parents, but that I may constantly endeavour to "walk by the same rule" and to "mind the same thing." This season is indeed to us, as well as you, fraught with melancholy recollections, and keenly revives those scenes of deep distress into which we were so lately plunged.

In the summer of 1820, Maria Middleton and her sister passed some time at Southampton and in the Isle of Wight. The beneficial effects on their health, derived from this visit to the southern coast, naturally suggested the consideration of a permanent removal to the former place. But the

change was one too serious in its nature to be made without mature deliberation, nor could they venture on so important a step as that of quitting the place of their birth for a residence in another part of the country without earnestly desiring that the Lord would be pleased to direct them in this matter and choose their inheritance for them. Enabled, at length, to arrive at what they believed to be a right decision, they left Wellingborough in the spring of 1821 and settled at Southampton. Here a new and enlarged sphere of usefulness opened before them, affording, in connection with other circumstances, satisfactory evidence that in this movement they had not sought in vain for right direction.

To E. and M. R.

Southampton, 30th of Third Month, 1823.

My beloved E. and M. R.:—

It was my wish to salute you in this manner on the day that marked your entrance into another year, but was prevented by the recollection that the post would not serve; and, though it may appear rather awkward to send a birthday greeting on the wrong morning, I cannot altogether regret the circumstance, as it enables me to thank my dear E. for her most friendly communication just received. When it was brought from the hands of the postman, bearing the sweet inscription of "Peace," my heart responded to the welcome gratulation, and I can but answer, "Peace." May peace, my beloved friends, be upon

and around your dwelling, shedding its benign influence, not only on the present, but on every succeeding year of life; that peace which the world giveth not, and which is as the shadow of a cloud by day and as a pillar of light by night, sheltering the mind from the beams of prosperity, and cheering it amidst the darkness of sorrow or adversity. Three times ten years have not passed over us without producing the impression that there is need of something to stay the mind amidst the vicissitudes of this mortal state. Oh that we may be increasingly disposed to seek daily for a habitation in the only sure Refuge! and then we shall feel a comfortable assurance of all things working together for good. We know not how short or how long may be the future, or what may be the events it will unfold; but all this is in the ordering of wisdom that cannot err, and of love that knows no limit: and what can we desire more than to be the blessed subjects of this righteous government? My dear E. need never apologize to her friend for unbosoming freely whenever she feels inclined to do so. Be assured, I highly value the confidence of friendship, and entirely concur in the sentiment that, where love is, there is liberty. May we, my dear friends, endeavour to improve our intercourse by stimulating each other in the pursuit of what is most important! A tie of close affection binds our hearts to yours, and I trust every revolving year will only add to its strength.

CHAPTER II.

In the spring of 1823, Maria Middleton first spoke in public in the character of a minister of the gospel. It is to be regretted that no allusion to this event is to be found in any of her memoranda or letters of that date; but this deficiency is, in degree, supplied by some striking references to it in subsequent parts of her diary.

And here it may be interesting to inquire what were the effects produced on her general character and habits by the exercise of an office which, among Christians generally, is restricted exclusively to men; whether it tended to withdraw her from the duties which peculiarly devolve on her sex, or in the slightest degree to mar that delicacy and refinement of mind which, in combination with true religion, constitute the loveliest ornament of the female character. To those who were intimately acquainted with her, we may confidently appeal for an answer to this inquiry. So far from such being the result, it may, on the contrary, be truly said that, whilst "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," she was exemplary and diligent in the performance of her domestic and relative duties, and that, whilst she was not ashamed of the testimony of her Lord, her demeanour was at all times gentle, retiring, and unassuming.

1823. *Twelfth Month* 31*st*. In reviewing the past year, and the numberless mercies which have been bestowed, may I not say, "All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth!" He has been pleased to restore me from sickness, to give me increasing views of the excellency of the truth as it is in Jesus, and to confirm my feeble faith by the experience, that his promises remain to be, yea and amen, for ever. And Oh! may the year now close, under a lively feeling of gratitude to the great Giver of all our spiritual and temporal blessings, and under a deeply humiliating view of my own unworthiness, and of the innumerable transgressions which have marked its course; and, in the opening of another, may there be a looking unto Him who seeth the end from the beginning, who only knoweth the varied trials and temptations it may bring; and who is infinitely able to deliver out of them all. I desire reverently to thank Him for the past, and to commit the future entirely to his disposal, confiding in the gracious care of a superintending Providence.

The following letter refers to a religious visit paid by her sister, Hannah Middleton, to the islands of Guernsey and Jersey. Maria accompanied her thither, but not in the capacity of a minister, the Meeting to which she belonged not having recognised her as such until the following year.

To M. R.

SOUTHAMPTON, Eighth Month, 26th, 1824.

....Thou wilt believe, my dear M., the late visit to the Islands was attended with feelings of various and

differing character. The prospect so formidable to my beloved H. M. could not fail to awaken a sympathetic feeling for her in my heart, as far as I was capable of it. ..... I cannot tell thee how much thou and dear E. were present to my mind, particularly during our voyage and passing from one island to the other, the scenes by which we were surrounded were so entirely adapted to your taste. We went by a steamvessel from this place, going on board in the evening, and in about two hours passed the Needles. The increased motion of the vessel soon apprized us that we were getting out to sea, but, as we were not sick, we remained a considerable time on deck watching the phosphoric illumination of the water; but it was when we came up from our berths at four the next morning that we wanted you to gaze with us upon a scene which, I certainly may be allowed to say, was glorious. Imagine us, then, dashing rapidly through a majestically-swelling sea which spread itself in extended magnificence around us, its bright blue waters sparkling in the light of the clear sky by which they were canopied, and on one side kindling into liquid gold under the beams of the sun just emerging from his ocean-bed. On our left lay Cape la Hogue and a line of French coast enlivened by the white sails of a vessel standing for Cherbourg. Nearer us was the rocky and barren island of Alderney, upon whose craggy coast the breakers were tossing up their foam; and ahead, the distant high land of Guernsey, dimly discovered, like a light cloud on the surface of the water.

We were a week in Guernsey. The islanders who reside in the country appear to be a simple race, living

on their own little farms, and, in the absence of what *we* call accommodations, possessing every thing they require to make them independent and comfortable: they speak a dialect of French. In the town there are some interesting and well-regulated public institutions. There are many curious peculiarities in the legislation and customs of the islands, which I must not here enter into. Jersey is the largest, and is considered the finest island, but, as we were only there two nights, we did not see so much of the interior. The coast, however, is very bold and striking, presenting a tremendous aspect to the mariner who is unaccustomed to it: a range of rocky cliff broken into abrupt fragments, and the neighbouring parts of the sea rendered terrific by huge masses of rock, many of which are nearly covered at high water. There are four members of our Society, and several individuals who attend the meeting but are not in membership. We went to see them in the evening and were greatly interested. They left their labour in the field to meet us in a rustic cot, where lives an aged man with his wife and sister. This estimable character has been for a number of years faithfully supporting a testimony against the use of arms, for which he has twice suffered banishment. Several of their neighbours came in and joined us, and the sweet feeling which was amongst them was truly comfortable. .....

1825. *First Month 3rd.* Confined by a painful attack of illness, and my strength greatly reduced, but in unutterable kindness, sustained in a degree of quiet dependence on the invisible Arm; and at times enabled to rejoice in tribulation, and to acknowledge,

that it is good to be afflicted. Took leave yesterday of a sailor boy, (the son of a Friend,) on whose account I had felt greatly interested. Gave him, on paper, a few friendly hints for the regulation of his conduct, in a situation of peculiar danger, from the temptations to evil by which he is surrounded. Being First-day, he stayed our family reading, when the hundred and seventh psalm was read, and afterwards, I was engaged to commend this interesting little wanderer, to the care and keeping of the great and good Shepherd, in a few short petitions. My dear sister also addressed him with instructive counsel, encouraging his young mind to put its trust in the Lord.

The first journey taken by Maria Middleton in the service of the gospel was in the year 1826, when her beloved sister and herself united with their valued relative, Ann Alexander, of York, in a visit to the Friends of Pyrmont and Minden, and in other religious service in Holland and Germany. With this little band was associated Cornelius Hanbury, of London, their kind and efficient caretaker, as well as true helper and fellow-labourer in the work in which they were engaged.

Fifth Month, Minden, 21st. After breakfast, L. S. conducted us to the meeting, held in a large commodious room. There, we found a considerable number of the inhabitants, who were probably attracted by the appearance of strangers. Amongst them, were many genteel-looking people, and several military officers of

distinction, wearing the Prussian uniform, and decorated with orders of military honour. They behaved with remarkable solidity, and there was a very precious feeling in the silent part of the meeting, as well as whilst ability was renewedly afforded, to preach to them the everlasting gospel of God our Saviour. The meeting was rather long, and at twelve, the military were obliged to retire, it being the hour of public duty; but they withdrew in a very proper manner, and afterwards noticed our little company very respectfully in the town. In the afternoon, attended the reading meeting held in the same room; most of the Friends present. Our certificates were then read, and notice given to the Friends of Eidinghausen and Hille, that we were to visit them in their families, this week. After tea, we visited C. P. and wife; he is one of the three, who, five or six years ago, suffered on account of their conscientious refusal to bear arms, as a part of the militia of the country. In the Prussian dominions, every man above the age of twenty is, by law, a soldier; but these young men felt they could not comply with the requisition. Christian, the one we have seen this evening, was confined in prison, and received so many lashes, that the surgeon gave him up for dead. Charles, a younger brother, was imprisoned, and Ernst (who has been our driver) was deprived of all civil rights, and the little inheritance that was to descend to him from his mother. The government finding all its efforts ineffectual, they were permitted to regain their personal liberty; but it was not till within the last few weeks, that Ernst has received permission to repossess his small property, by the king's especial command. They are in low circumstances, but appear

to have a measure of that faith which makes truly rich, and gives victory over the world.

23rd. We returned about five o'clock, to our inn, at Rehme; retired to the garden, where, seated by the murmuring stream, we read several sweet hymns, and passed a tranquil evening, long to be remembered. The sun went down in all its beauty, and as we watched it gradually sinking behind the summits of the distant hills, gilding the purple clouds with its radiance, we reminded each other of the surpassing glories of that world, which owes not its light to our luminary; which needeth not the light of the sun, nor of the moon, because the Lord God doth enlighten it, "and the Lamb is the light thereof." Had our evening reading before we retired, and were comforted together in the remembrance of the love and mercy of our dear Redeemer, who has opened the way for his ransomed people into this glorious city; and though the path He trod, must be trodden also by his faithful followers, in their several degrees of suffering, yet, is it not "enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord?"

Altana, Sixth Month, 6th. Went to tea with our friend G. V. S. and his sweet wife. They are, with their aged father, an interesting group. The elder Vander Smissen, a most venerable, fine, old man, about eighty years of age, apparently drawing near to his heavenly rest, with a heart full of love to his Redeemer, and staid in a peaceful trust, which has kept him through many vicissitudes. Speaking of the year in which their great losses occurred, he says, he

believes the Lord continued his life till then, that he might get more fully quit of the dross of the earth. The feeling of precious quiet that hovered around, even while we were enjoying a little social conversation, was very striking, and, at length, became so prevalent, that all yielded to it. It was an evening not to be forgotten, and we parted under the cementing influence of that love which surmounts all the diversities of this mixed state, and is like an earnest of the reunion, we humbly hope, one day, to enjoy, before the throne of God, through the mercy of Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us, and washed us in his own blood. To Him be praise and glory, for ever and ever!

Hamburgh, 9th. A. Alexander expressed a wish, to visit the company at table d'hôte; a request was therefore sent to permit her to do so. We accompanied,—it was a great trial of faith, The master of the inn, and, I believe, all the men servants, were present. A. A. was seated at the head of the long table, and was engaged in supplication for the company, for the inhabitants of the city and country, and particularly for the household. It was a time of remarkable quiet. When we retired, many rose to shake hands, and several, who had dined there every day, took a most cordial leave, and expressed their good wishes.

This interesting account of their journey, may be appropriately closed, by the following memorandum, in reference to it, under date of 1841.

Very many exercises of faith and patience and close *conflicts, we passed* through in this journey; but it is

one to which we have ever recurred, and to which I do still recur, with a grateful sense of the mercies we experienced, and of the opportunities that were afforded us, for entering into sympathy, not only with the little company of Friends who were the more immediate object of our visit, but with christian characters of different denominations, scattered through the cities and towns we visited, amidst a mass of irreligion and impiety, seeking humbly to follow their Saviour, in the narrow way that leads to the kingdom. Some of these are brought sweetly, at times, to my remembrance, with desires, that though we may never meet again on earth, we may be found, at the end of the race, amongst the blessed number of the Lord's redeemed and sanctified ones.

On their return home from this journey, a new trial awaited them, in the illness and subsequent decease of a near relative, their cousin Joseph Hoyland. Having been, about two years previously, an inmate in their family, and possessing a mind richly endowed with intellectual gifts, he was one in whom they could not but feel a deep and lively interest. His widowed mother, Margaret Hoyland, of Waterford, was a woman of strong natural powers, and in a remarkable degree qualified for sympathizing with and succouring the sick and the afflicted.

The following extracts are taken from M. M.'s Diary:—

Sixth Month, 20th. Rose under a feeling of thankfulness to our great and bountiful Lord, who was

pleased to lead us out, to carry us safely through many dangers, seen and unseen, through many deep exercises and conflicts of spirit, and to bring us again in peace to our native land. After breakfast and reading, had a short time of quiet with my precious sister, wherein ability was mercifully afforded once more to offer the tribute of praise, and to commit ourselves into the divine keeping, desiring strength to perform the duties of the day, of whatsoever kind they may be, and to do or suffer the whole will of God. Went afterwards to call on our afflicted relatives. Found my dear aunt (whom we had not seen for fifteen years) alone. Joseph came down before we left, and, prepared as we were, it was very affecting to see the alteration in his countenance since we last met. The complaint appears to have assumed a decided character, and to be making certain though very gradual progress. Oh! for ability to commend this interesting relative to that compassionate Saviour who came not to call the righteous, and whose blessed office it is to seek and to save that which has been lost; that through his all-powerful mediation true repentance may be found, and reconciliation through faith in his blood, before that awful moment when the afflicted tabernacle must resign its immortal inhabitant.

Seventh Month, 12*th*. My heart is, this evening, again made sensible, that there is abundant reason to leave all anxiety, and to cast all our care on the Lord, to lead a life of cheerful, thankful dependence on Him who heareth the cry of the young ravens, and regardeth the very sparrows. How astonishing is the practical infidelity of the human heart! Though we have

tasted of the Lord's mercies, day by day, and have seen his providential care extended to us, from our very infancy, yet, on every cross occurrence or discouraging aspect of our affairs, we are ready to distrust or at least to give way to unprofitable anxiety, which is a species of distrust. When shall we fully realize the feeling conveyed in those simple and beautiful words,—

"What, to-day, Thou shalt provide,
Let me, as a child receive;
What, to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear?"

13*th*. Read, before breakfast, a part of the seventh Psalm in the original. Afterwards studied my German for an hour. I am desirous not to neglect this, having found the little I know of it so useful in our late journey. I was confined at home to day by lameness; did not improve the opportunity as I ought to done, for meditation on divine things.

14*th*. Felt very desirous to have my daily occupations so arranged, as that every hour should be employed in the most profitable manner for myself and others. under that regulating influence which will distinguish between self-activity and self-indulgence. Make me diligent, O Lord! ever diligent, seeing there are only twelve hours in the day wherein we can work; but let it be in thy fear and under thy guidance. The Christian must not look for rest on this side of the grave; his rest is to be in eternity. Surely, he ought to labour cheerfully through the whole of life's short

day, looking to that solemn period when, however devoted he may have been, he must acknowledge himself an unprofitable servant.

The following extract from her sister's diary, alalluding to an event fraught with important consequences to the subject of this memoir, is here inserted, as an appropriate introduction to her own remarks upon it.

Eighth Month, 10th. S. F. arrived soon after breakfast, on an errand deeply interesting to our feelings, that of proposing a union with my beloved sister. My sympathies with my precious M. are in a lively manner awakened, and sincerely do I desire to unite with her in seeking the council and guidance of that wisdom which is profitable to direct, and which alone can lead in safe paths.

11th. Awoke this morning with my feelings a good deal tried, but, I trust, secretly sustained, in a degree of quiet dependence on that gracious Providence who cares even for the sparrows. If my eye be singly directed to Him, (which is the desire of my heart,) may I not hope that He will be pleased to favour me with his counsel and direction in an affair of so much importance, involving not only my own comfort and best welfare, but in a great degree that of my precious sister also, whose happiness it is my earnest wish to consult and contribute to, to the utmost of my power. We have been tenderly united from infancy in sisterly affection, and this union has been heightened by similarity of feeling on the one great subject of first im-

portance, and by the many occasions of deep sorrow through which we have passed together.

15*th*. Before breakfast, my German lesson as usual. In the course of it met with some striking and encouraging remarks on the duty of unquestioning obedience to the Divine will when once clearly manifested. My mind has been through this day mercifully kept in a degree of precious quiet, though I rose from a very disturbed night somewhat troubled and distressed with the besetments of the enemy, but was favoured to feel renewed confidence in that Arm which can control his power, and deliver those who simply depend upon it from all his wiles; and now in the evening I desire humbly and reverently to commit myself to the Divine keeping, to the watchful care of the unslumbering Shepherd.

23*d*. This morning a note from my cousin informed us they had passed a most distressing night, and that it appeared as if the bitterness of death would yet be prolonged. We hastened to them, and were constantly, one of us, by the dear sufferer until the scene closed. The conflict was awfully affecting; but a preciously sustaining and tranquillizing feeling was permitted to cover us. I ventured to kneel at the foot of the bed, and once more implore, in the name of our adorable and compassionate Redeemer, that the conflict might be mercifully shortened, and the immortal spirit received into that City none of whose inhabitants can say, "I am sick," but where those who "came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," eternally sur-

round the throne with songs of praise. The long-lingering spark dropped gently and quietly out precisely at three o'clock. After a little relief from tears, we were enabled silently to indulge the feeling of humble gratitude in the consoling belief, that the liberated spirit was received into a blessed rest through the mercy of our compassionate Saviour, who was, I cannot doubt, graciously pleased to begin, carry forward, and finally to complete the great work of preparation; and for this may we be enabled reverently to bless his holy name!

Ninth Month, 1st. After breakfast this morning my dear aunt addressed us in a very affectionate and instructive parting salutation. The recollection of all we have lately passed through, the chasm made in our circle by the departure of relatives whose presence, though under circumstances of sorrow, has been a comfort to us, together with various important considerations pressing on my mind, seem almost too much for my frame; but I desire to cast my burdens, of every kind, on One who is able to sustain through all. I feel as if I had been spending some time on the confines of eternity, and have been brought to take such a near and strong view of the solemnities of death, and the vanities of life, that the return to ordinary pursuits and duties is attended with a very peculiar feeling, and the prospect of what I may yet have to pass through is almost overwhelming: but why should I take thought for the morrow, seeing we know not what a day may bring forth nor how soon it may be appointed to us also to leave the toils and trials of *mor*tality! Oh for an abiding in Him who is the

conqueror of death, who hath deprived the grave of its victory, that so there may be a joyful entrance into that land where there is no more sorrow, no more temptation !

Ryde, 21*st*. In the afternoon, a beautiful inland ramble. The walks about Ryde are very inviting, rural, and picturesque; whilst the occasional peeps through the rich foliage at the sea, give a majestic finish to the varied landscape-scenery. In the evening my dear sister and I sat quietly together: indeed, we greatly enjoyed the temporary retirement and freedom from various claims that daily draw on our attention at Southampton, leaving us at times less settlement than is desirable; but we must be willing to do the duties of life as they arise, without seeking too much our own gratifications, though they may be, in appearance, of a profitable kind. That is best for us which is in the ordering of divine Providence. However, when we are permitted a little relaxation, it is right to enjoy it with thankfulness, endeavouring to cherish, at the same time, a willingness to return to work, in any way the great Master may be pleased to appoint; this is not the place of our rest.

27*th* This morning, accompanied by S. F., we went to Shanklin, a sweet, sequestered spot on the south coast of the island, where my sister and I spent a few days some years ago. It was very interesting to me again to ramble on the fine sands, under the bold, overhanging cliff, and gaze on the majestic deep spread in wide expanse before us. In the evening were favoured with a precious feeling of peaceful quiet, wherein we were, in some degree, enabled to thank

God, and to feel a little renewed confidence in the all-sufficiency of his help. May we be kept in a state of humble dependence on his fatherly care and guidance, not anxiously caring for the morrow, but committing our souls to a faithful Creator, who is able to keep what we have committed unto Him against that great and solemn day which must speedily overtake us all.

10th Month, *16th*. A note from R. L., to request my sister's company, in a visit to the poor girl in the workhouse. H. went accordingly, and they brought me, at their return, a heart-rending recital of the scene they had witnessed. The poor young creature, who, they say, has a fine, interesting appearance, seems to have entirely lost her reason, under her bodily illness, and the mental agony caused by strong convictions of her awfully dangerous state. Well might the apostle say, "The sting of death is sin;" for what can equal the horrors of a stricken conscience! The thought of this poor girl's state is almost overwhelming; but we must remember, there is One who feels infinitely more for poor, miserable sinners, than we can do, and who has all power in heaven and on earth, abounding in mercy, unlimited in love. May He be pleased to speak the word of reconciliation to this poor, distracted soul, and yet pluck it, in the riches of his grace, as a brand from the burning!

To S. F.

Southampton, *Twelfth Month* 30*th*, 1826.

..... Thou seest, my dear friend, the hand of chastening has been upon us; may we be enabled,

in all its ministrations, to trace that mercy and goodness which are mingled in the corrections of our compassionate Father, who designs, in all things, to instruct us, to teach us our own nothingness, our own unworthyness, our entire dependence on his providential care. I sometimes recur, with a degree of comfort, to the little renewal of faith and confidence permitted just before we parted, when, under the feeling of approaching trial, which, for some time before, I apprehended was not very distant, there seemed a degree of capacity to look, as out of the depths, towards the holy temple. Still, when under the immediate pressure of bodily suffering, faith and patience were not easy to obtain, and nothing but the sense of abounding infirmities was often present to the mind; yet, I would humbly hope, that He who perfectly knows our frame, and remembers that we are dust, accepts the desire of the soul after his sustaining presence, and will, in his own time, bind up that which He sees meet to bruise. Oh! how much we require to humble us, and bring us entirely to the foot of the cross. That we may but be willing, there to bow, and there to remain, is the present desire of my heart I am afraid, I am writing rather a gloomy letter, when I intended to cheer thee; however, we may be, and ought to be, cheered, and filled with gratitude and thankfulness. .....

To S. F.

Southampton, *Third Month* 11*th*, 1827.

..... I trust it is with a degree of humble thankfulness I may say, that in the multitude of my thoughts within me, there is generally prevalent in

my mind, a calm, confiding feeling, that stays me in something like quiet dependence on the leadings of an all-wise Providence, whose hand is full of blessings, and that enables me to believe, that if it please Him whom we desire to follow, to unite us in the most tender relation, He will bestow upon us, as we seek to walk in humility, much real happiness, mingled with such a portion of trial or affliction, as shall be necessary to the accomplishment of his all-merciful purposes concerning us. This we must expect, and, at times, in large measure; nor ought we to wish it otherwise; seeing it is part of the covenant between the great Master and his disciples. It is not the lot of man to gather the rose without the thorn, whilst he sojourns below; that is reserved for an unclouded region, where love, and peace, and joy, are not mixed with error, nor endangered by temptation, nor shaded by disappointment. Life is full of vicissitudes: light and shadows, sun and showers with occasional storms, make up the fleeting day of human existence, and the Christian, whilst he shares these alternations in common with others, has also his own peculiar portion of trials; but then, under all, he has a peace with which the world cannot intermeddle, and how glorious are his prospects in that future state of being, where this union with his Lord and Saviour shall be made perfect and permanent! Well may he, in the contemplation of his present comforts and future hopes, be brought, in deep prostration of soul, to the acknowledgment of pious Jacob, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth, which Thou hast showed unto thy servant." We know not, my dear friend, *what shall befal* us here, but we know the faithful-

ness of Him who hath called us, and who, I humbly believe, has united our hearts in that which is independent of the vicissitudes of time. Oh! that it may be our daily concern, by continued watchfulness unto prayer, to abide in Him, that so we may strengthen each other in every good word and work.....

Fifth Month, 6th. My mind is under a great weight, in the prospect of an important step now to be soon taken: I feel it to be a solemn one; but I desire to look with faith and simple dependence to that God who has hitherto been very gracious to me, his poor, unworthy creature, whose good providence has upheld me in many difficulties, and by whose grace I am brought hitherto. May I not, in remembrance of the past, bow reverently before Him, and say, with the Psalmist, "Let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me"? Words cannot express what I feel in the consideration of how large a part of life has been suffered to pass away, with improvement that bears little proportion to the advantages bestowed. Grant me grace, O Lord, I beseech Thee, so to walk through the remainder of it, whether it be long or short, that my conduct and conversation may in all things adorn thy doctrine; and when it shall please Thee to recall the life Thou hast given, oh! grant that I and those dearest to me may be admitted within the pearl gates of thy heavenly city, where all the multitude of thy redeemed for ever sing thy praise.

Towards the close of the evening meeting, a degree of that influence which resembles the descending of the dew was mercifully granted, and vocal supplication was offered on behalf of the Lord's visited children,

the poor of his family, who feel they have no other helper.

On the 16th of the Fifth Month, 1827, the subject of this memoir was married to Samuel Fox. The event is thus recorded in her diary under that date:—

Rose under a degree of quiet feeling, yet full of apprehension as to the important engagements of this day; but after our morning reading, which consisted of the ninety-ninth and one hundredth Psalms, my mind was covered with a precious stillness, and the language of supplication arose to the one unfailing Helper of the poor and needy; and I was favoured afterwards with that calming, sustaining influence which enabled me to go through what was required at the meeting with more firmness than I expected. Soon after the meeting was collected, our dear E. Wheeler said a few words on the spirituality of the divine teaching. Sylvanus Fox then rose with the text, "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." He enlarged, in an appropriate and instructive manner, on the duty of ordering our daily conduct and conversation in the divine fear, and expressed his belief, that, if this were more generally the concern of professing Christians, the nations of the world would wonderfully flock to the standard of our Redeemer; concluding with the text with which he began. After some interval, my dear friend and myself entered into the solemn covenant of marriage. W. Forster afterwards stood up with the words, "When

He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble ? " beautifully setting forth the inestimable value of this precious quiet, which results from a simple dependence on the divine power, and the support that is extended by the great Head of the church to his little flock of faithful followers, under all their trials and afflictions. Sylvanus Fox concluded in solemn supplication, that the bread broken amongst us this morning might be blessed of Him who alone can give the increase.

CHAPTER III.

No part of this little volume would, perhaps, be more interesting or instructive, than a minute and accurate delineation of the character and habits of the subject of this Memoir, in the new sphere into which she was now introduced. Such a description, however, will not be attempted beyond a hasty glance at one or two points of general interest.

Maria Fox was remarkable for the judicious arrangement and diligent occupation of her time. In this she was actuated by religious principle, having a deep and abiding sense of the shortness and uncertainty of life, and of her accountability for the faithful discharge of her duties of every kind. This industry, combined with the faculty of executing with rapidity whatever she undertook, enabled her to accomplish far more than, with so delicate a frame, would otherwise have been possible. Naturally disposed for intellectual pursuits, she, nevertheless, did not neglect her domestic duties; on the contrary, when she became the mistress of a family, they occupied their legitimate share of her attention; and she brought to bear on them that industry, order, and method which prevented their absorbing an undue portion of her

time and thoughts. In her, mental culture and domestic habits were happily blended, affording a striking illustration of their entire compatibility in a well-regulated mind.

Economy in her personal expenditure was another prominent feature in her character. She was ever reluctant to expend for her own convenience, and still more so for her gratification, that which might be applied to the relief of the distressed, or to the benefit of her fellow-creatures, regarding herself as a steward, responsible for every gift, temporal as well as spiritual.

Sixth Month, 5th. About ten, we were seated in the carriage. The final departure from our little dwelling, endeared to us by many recollections, and from a place replete with interests, was attended by feelings of a nature not to be described; but I think a calming influence was secretly granted, and a degree of sustaining trust in the guidance of our heavenly Father, who, I was enabled fully to believe, would supply all our need, according to the riches of his mercy, in Jesus Christ our Lord. We travelled, by way of Blandford and Dorchester, to Bridport, and reached the hospitable dwelling of our dear friends at Bradpole in the evening.

6th. Had a fine but cold ride, through a beautiful country. Passed through Charmouth, a small watering-place situated amongst bold and picturesque scenery, to Honiton. Here, a short rest refreshed us for the last stage of our journey, and a ride of about two hours, through a deeply-wooded part of Devon-

shire, brought us to the rural village of Uffculm, embosomed in trees, where our temporary residence is to be, till the house at Wellington is ready for our reception. The approach to a spot that involves my first entrance on a new sphere of important duties, and an introduction to a large circle of relatives, most of whom are strangers to me, induced a train of reflections and a conflict of feelings not easily expressed; but when we entered our habitation, there seemed a precious quiet, under which we could thankfully and silently acknowledge that our cup runneth over.

21*st*. After breakfast, we read the last chapter of Matthew, ending with those ever-memorable words of our blessed Lord, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Oh, heart-cheering assurance! What then need his disciples fear, so long as they keep close to their Saviour! "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" The gates of hell will never be permitted to prevail against the church that is built on the one eternal, immovable rock. What is too much to suffer for the glorious privilege of being one of her living members? May we seek this above all, and leave every thing regarding this life to the direction of our heavenly Father, who, in his abundant bounty, showers down upon us innumerable blessings, and administers no trials but such as He sees necessary for us.

Seventh Month, 4th. We went to meeting at Spiceland, and from thence came to our own home. I entered it with feelings not to be described. A flood of tears relieved me; and the calming influence of

that which is not at our command was mercifully afforded.

5th. After our morning reading, I ventured to bend the knee, and pour forth my desires for ourselves and our household, in prayer to that gracious God, who only can bless us, and enable us to walk acceptably before Him, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Ninth Month, 11th. Monthly Meeting, at which I was enabled, in a few words, to mention my prospect of visiting the meetings constituting the Monthly Meeting of Brighouse, in Yorkshire, the families at Bradford, and attending a few meetings in going and returning; intimating my desire that the subject might obtain the weighty consideration of my friends. Soon after this, my dear sister was engaged in a short and solemn supplication for divine aid and guidance. A time of precious quiet succeeded this offering, and several friends expressed their unity with the concern. On the whole, I trust it was a season to which we may recur with humble gratitude, and acknowledge the goodness and mercy of the Great Shepherd, who is pleased to make way oftentimes where we see no way.

M. Fox and her sister were enabled to accomplish the religious service alluded to in the foregoing memorandum, and to return home peacefully. The former writes,—

Eleventh Month, 25th. It is cause for humble thankfulness to be safely restored to the quiet rest

and comforts of our own fireside; and, on taking a retrospective view of the late engagement, I am ready to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" Though often suffered to feel an almost overwhelming sense of our own weekness, unprofitableness, and infirmities, we have been enabled, from time to time, to set up an Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and, in unutterable condescension, strengthened to testify of his goodness, to praise Him in the depths, and acknowledge that his mercy endureth for ever.

1828, *First Month, 23rd.* Much affected by reading the "Suttees' Cry to Britain," a small pamphlet lately published by a missionary, for some years resident in India. It is an appeal to Britain, on behalf of the numerous and feeble victims of a barbarous superstition, annually immolated on the funeral pile, with their deceased husbands. Oh! that the hearts of professing christians, calling themselves followers of a most merciful and compassionate Saviour, were more generally alive to these things, that we, the highly-favoured inhabitants of this happy, enlightened country, were but thoughtful of those, who thus sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and who seem as the prey of the devourer, in every possible sense. Surely, we ought to bear them on our hearts before that God who heareth prayer, and who has declared, that "for the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, He will arise."

We now come to that important period of her life at which Maria Fox became a mother; but, as

some description of her character in this new and interesting relation will be given in a subsequent part of the memoir, it will not be needful to advert to it in this place.

Second Month, 14*th*. Woke this morning in a calm state of mind. My dearest S. F. read me a part of the eighteenth Psalm, and we had a sweet time of stillness together, wherein, I believe, the tribute of thanksgiving ascended from our overflowing hearts. In the evening, my three tenderly assiduous companions sat down in my room, when we read the hymns in the Olney Collection beginning—

> "Be still, my heart: these anxious cares
> To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares,"

and also a psalm. A time of solemn and heavenly quiet succeeded, when the canopy of Divine goodness was mercifully spread over us. I felt bound, though in great weakness, to offer a vocal thanksgiving to that gracious and almighty God who had brought us safely through deep waters, and divided that sea before us, whose waves roared. My beloved husband knelt down immediately after, and poured forth the voice of praise and the language of supplication for all our little company and for the precious babe committed to our trust.

19*th*. Mercifully permitted, during the morning watch, to draw near to the place where the soul can prostrate itself before the footstool of her God and Father; and felt a sweet serenity cover my spirit, whilst desiring to commit my all into the divine disposal.

22nd. I was silently led to meditate on the universality of that love which, when it is shed abroad in the heart, expands and enlarges it, until it can comprehend the whole human family in its wide embrace,—knowing no limits to its efforts of benevolence whilst any ability remains. That beautiful parable was forcibly brought to my remembrance wherein our blessed Lord strikingly illustrates his second great commandment, and replies to the inquiry of the lawyer, "Who is my neighbour?" and a fervent prayer was raised in my soul to be brought more and more into the spirit of it. With regard to ourselves, I greatly desire to order that small part of our affairs which comes under my immediate management with discretion: and to be enabled to fill up, with propriety, my duties to my beloved husband and to society at large; to guard carefully against the introduction of any unnecessary expenditure that may tend, in the smallest degree, to add to the exertions of my dear S. in the pursuit of business, and, at the same time, to be found ready "to do good and to communicate" remembering that "with such sacrifices God is well pleased," and that He who spake as never man spake hath pronounced it "more blessed to give than to receive."

Fifth Month, 16th. I cannot write a date so interesting to me, without remarking, that it is the return of the period when I entered into the most solemn covenant with him, who is the faithful companion of my life. It brings with it a train of reflections, calculated to call forth the fervent expression of gratitude to the almighty Giver of every good gift.

A year has now passed away, since we entered upon the new duties assigned us, with an awful sense of their importance; and during that year, what abundant cause we have had to bless and magnify that holy Arm, which has so graciously, so mercifully sustained us under a variety of exercises and pressures, and has enabled us, from time to time, amidst many discouragements and doubtings, to believe in the all-sufficiency of God; granting a measure of precious confidence, that, however He may be pleased to prove, He will not utterly forsake those who are seeking to put their trust in Him, and Him alone.

Ninth Month, 9th. Our Monthly Meeting held here to-day. At the close of the meeting for worship, my dear husband and I laid before our friends, a prospect of visiting the meetings, as well as the families of this Monthly Meeting. After a solid pause, several expressed their unity and concurrence, and a minute to this effect was prepared. It is very formidable to us in prospect, and not the less so, for including a large number of near connexions and acquaintance. But there is One, who is sufficient for the weakest of those who are willing simply to depend upon Him.

Twelfth Month, 5th. Woke this morning with a calm, peaceful feeling, and found sweet consolation in some of the Lord's promises to his people. Felt particularly comforted in reference to our dear child, trusting that the Lord would graciously bless him and be his portion. This is what his parents desire for him, far more than any temporal good. If he

may but receive abundantly of the dew of heaven, little of the fatness of the earth will be sufficient to satisfy an humble and thankful heart.

7th. At meeting this morning, my mind was low but quiet. There seemed a sweet remembrance of that text, "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." In reflecting on the situation of the poor men now under sentence of death, I have longed that our minds might be turned to consider the necessity of that deep humiliation, that unfeigned repentance, that unutterable abasement, which must be wrought in the soul, before the wretched criminal, falling under the sentence of the violated laws of his country, can be enabled to lay hold of the hope which is held out in the gospel, to the chief of sinners. Oh! that in contemplating and magnifying that boundless mercy, which is the glory of the gospel of Christ, we may never lose sight of the infinite purity of God, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin, which alienates the soul from Him. So that I could wish the prayer of our hearts for these unhappy men to be, that they may be brought to see their real state, that they may be humbled into deep and penitential confession before that God from whom they have so grievously revolted, and that, in this their humiliation, the Lord, who is rich in mercy, would be pleased to speak peace to their souls, through the blood of the everlasting covenant.

31*st*, *Fourth-day.* How shall I make the closing memorandum of a year stored with blessings? "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of

all the truth which thou hast showed unto thy servant," may well be the language of our hearts. After supper, the tribute of praise was vocally offered, with a petition that we and our household might be preserved from evil during the remainder of our earthly sojourn, and finally prepared for a blessed inheritance through the sanctifying power and atoning merits of our adorable Redeemer.

1829, *Third Month*, 30*th*. My birthday. Three times twelve years have run their rapid course, and where am I? Lord, "so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Thirty-six years of providential mercy demand the solemn and heartfelt tribute of gratitude and praise.

Our precious child very interesting; oh that he may be blest with spiritual blessings, and have his portion with the little flock of Christ; that he may be indeed one of the lambs of the heavenly fold, whom the Great Shepherd tenderly carrieth in his arms, and leadeth into the green pastures of life and salvation!

Sixth Month, 17*th*. At our meeting I was led to reflect on the distress felt by the disciples at sea, when the tempest ran high and their ship was covered with waves, and on the deliverance wrought for them by their Lord, who spake and there was a great calm. There seemed, in the remembrance of it, something like a word of renewed consolation to the sorrowful and tossed soul, and a little help was mercifully afforded, to rise above the fears, doubts and reasonings which often harass my mind, and to express the desire I felt for the encouragement of such.

"WE ARE AS SAFE AT SEA,—SAFER IN THE STORM THAT GOD SENDS US, THAN IN A CALM, WHEN WE ARE BEFRIENDED BY THE WORLD."

Hast thou heard the wild roar of the turbulent ocean
When the wintry wind over its bosom has pass'd,
When the angry waves raged in their wildest commotion,
And death seem'd to ride on the wings of the blast?

Hast thou seen the frail bark in that moment of anguish,
Now aloft on the billow, now whelm'd in the surge,
When the hopes of the hard-toiling mariner languish,
And the hollow gale sounds in his ear like a dirge?

'Tis the moment of Mercy. His efforts all failing,
She appears, and the tempest subsides at her will;—
Her voice, o'er the tumult of waves, is prevailing,
As she breathes the soft accents of "Peace! be ye still."

Go on, then, thou sea-beaten vessel, and borrow
New light from this darkness, new hope from this fear;
Let thy peril to-day teach thee trust for to-morrow:
In storm or in sunshine thy Saviour is near.

Twelfth Month, 6th. "We will walk as the Lord may please, only let it be near Him, the eternal, faithful, living Saviour." These words, uttered by the pious and aged Vander Smissen during the moments which preceded his death, have forcibly recurred to my remembrance many times this day. They appear to express, in great sweetness and simplicity, that childlike desire which ought to be felt by every true Christian. It is of little consequence in what path we are led, if it be according to the will of God, and if we are favoured with the soul-refreshing and sustaining company of the blessed Saviour. This may

not always imply the sensible enjoyment of his presence, because we have reason to believe the Lord is often peculiarly near to his afflicted children when they feel most destitute and deserted, when in the bitterness and anguish of their hearts they are ready to conclude their way is hidden from the Lord,—their judgement passed over from their God. To these tossed and tempted souls He is graciously pleased at times to reveal himself as the God of all comfort, when refuge fails them and fears are on every side. Thus may it be, through the greatness of heavenly love and mercy, with some of us who are cast down very low and are often ready to faint by the way.

1830, *Sixth Month*, 15*th*. I have now to commemorate, with admiring, adoring gratitude, the merciful kindness of my heavenly Father, who has added, to all the temporal blessings showered down upon us, the sweet gift which it must be now our delightful care to rear as a tender lamb intrusted to us by the Great Shepherd of the sheep. A great variety of mingled emotions fill my mind at this interesting period; but I believe the prodominant one is that of deep, heartfelt gratitude to the God and Father of all our mercies.

18*th*. My soul bows in humble gratitude before the Lord for all the blessings he has been pleased to bestow on me and mine. Surely we may say, "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness." Oh that we may be stimulated, by the review of past and present mercies, to a more earnest pursuit after that highest of all blessings, a spiritual communion with God the

Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ! Grant us, O Lord, we beseech thee, the spirit of grace and of supplications, that we may walk watchfully in thy fear, and be conformed to thy holy will. Enable us to devote ourselves and our all to thy disposal; and oh! be pleased, we pray Thee, to take our precious children into thy good keeping; sanctify them through thy truth, and preserve them from the evils of this sinful world. Strengthen us with holy resolution to check whatever is of a hurtful tendency, and to cherish the precious seed of thy kingdom sown in their hearts. As Thou wert with our dear departed parents, so be Thou, we pray Thee, with *their* children and *our* children, that we may be finally united, through thy tender mercy in Jesus Christ our Lord, before thy throne of glory, and eternally ascribe all praises unto Thee.

23*rd*. I have been much led, of late to a close view of my conduct, as the mistress of a family; and my many deficiencies, as to the proper and diligent exercise of care for the religious improvment of my servants, have been painfully felt. I have long considered it as a very serious responsibility, to be entrusted with a sort of moral guardianship, over persons, whose habits and modes of thinking are often so different, in many respects, from those we would wish them to entertain and adhere to, and I have found it very difficult to satisfy my own mind, as to the point at which authority should interpose, without an infringement of that liberty which is the right of all. I greatly desire that I may be enabled to watch over my own deportment, so as to give them

no occasion of stumbling, and have firmness sufficient to admonish and restrain them, in the spirit of meekness, whenever I see anything that tends to their hurt.

1832, *Ninth Month, 15th.* I have had great peace in the consideration which, for some time past, has prevailed in my mind, of the entire nothingness of the human medium, and of the overflowing fulness and sufficiency of the Fountain of all good. The eternal, unchangeable Jehovah is the source from whence all that can truly comfort or profit his people must be derived, and when He is pleased to pour the waters of life from this fountain, it is of little importance what channel he may select for the communication of it. "We are nothing, Christ is all,"—the strength, the wisdom, and the righteousness of his people.

My mind has been much humbled and instructed in the course of some religious engagements during the present year, and, I trust, my faith confirmed in the unchangeable promises of God, who, when He is pleased to operate by his own power, can make the weak things of this world, and things that are despised, subservient to his glory. I have lately seen, very strongly, the necessity of pursuing, in simplicity and with a single eye to the Lord Jesus, our various paths of duty, without reasoning too much on the sentiments and opinions of others. Far be it from me to undervalue the privilege of Christian sympathy; it is so excellent a thing, that I am ready to think I have often suffered from desiring it too strongly; but such is the difference of natural temperament, and such the diversity of gifts in those who are nevertheless

less seeking to walk by the same rule and to mind the same thing, that the Christian traveller often finds himself disappointed where he imagines he has some reason to expect a fellow-feeling with his religious exercises. "Looking unto Jesus" is the safest watch-word for him. I often compare (and think I have read such a comparison somewhere) those who are endeavouring to follow their Lord and Saviour, but whose natural dispositions are dissimilar and their paths of duty various, to a company of vessels sailing from the same port under one great commander, and bound to the same haven, but from the force of stormy winds, or the prevalence of hazy weather, seldom getting sight of each other during the voyage. If permitted to anchor safely in the port of everlasting rest, how joyfully will they meet in the presence of their Lord! how full, complete, and blissful will be their union, and how contemptible will those things appear which prevented them from realizing the full enjoyment of it in the world below! Let us endeavour to anticipate this blessed state: the frequent contemplation of it may have a tendency to strengthen our love, and to give us more of that spirit which is the happiness of saints in heaven.

Eleventh Month, 2nd. Oh! for a more realizing view of heavenly things,—for a fixedness of heart on those joys which are unchangeable and eternal! The frequent contemplation of a state of perfect love and perfect happiness, in the enjoyment of that God who is love, must, I think, have a tendency to produce in us, some conformity to the mind which was in Christ Jesus, and to bring us into a state of true charity with

all who are pressing towards the heavenly kingdom, though their opinions and sentiments, on many subjects, may differ from our own. Lord! grant us more of this divine charity, which is the greatest of the christian graces: "Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth." The more our attention is fixed on the Sun of righteousness, from whom, all inferior orbs, however various in their order or magnitude, derive their light, the more we shall be cheered, vivified and nourished by his beams, and the more we shall experience a real growth in grace, and in the saving knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. There is a speculative knowledge, which dwells much in words,—is specious in doctrines, and boasts of great attainments in the heavenly mysteries,—is showy, dazzling, and, to superficial observers, passes current for sincere piety; and there is an experimental knowledge, which is meek, lowly and unobtrusive, more employed in seeking after conformity to the will of God, in studying the perfections of our divine and all-sufficient Saviour, and in secret prostration at the foot of his cross, than in noisy disputation or polemical discussion;—dangerous ground, at best, even for experienced christians, and those who find it their duty to engage in it, had need to be closely girded with the whole armour of light; for it is on this ground, the enemy of all good, loves to throw his envenomed shafts at the champions of truth, and, if possible, he will wound them, some way or other, in the combat. Happy they, who are permitted to retreat into the covert, where the good Shepherd feeds his little ones, and who know the fulfilment of that gracious assurance, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is *staid on Thee.*"

"Ah ! give me, Lord, the single eye,
Which aims at nought but Thee;
I fain would live, and yet, not I,
But Jesus live in me."

1833, *Third Month*, 30*th*, This day, being my birth-day, could not fail to bring with it many serious reflections. The charge of Moses to the assembled tribes of Israel, when he recounted to them the mighty acts of God, has been much in my mind. "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee, these forty years in the wilderness." O my soul! thou art indeed especially called upon to consider and to admire, with humble and adoring gratitude, the way by which thou hast been led; the difficulties, the temptations, the deliverances, and above all, the multiplied and abounding mercies thou hast experienced.

Four times ten years have passed over my head since it pleased the great giver of every good gift to bestow on me the precious boon of existence; and how have they been marked! They seem to me now, on endeavouring to retrace their varied scenes and circumstances, to arrange themselves into four periods, having each its own characteristic experience.

In the ten years of my childhood I enjoyed the tender care of pious parents, whose unremitting endeavour it was to train up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, to introduce them early to an acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, and, by wise and judicious culture, to prepare the soil of the heart for the operations of the heavenly Husbandman. Being *of a high* spirit and volatile temper, my disposition

rendered restraint as needful as it was irksome, and often brought my tenderly affectionate parents into deep anxiety on my account. Many and fervent were their prayers, I doubt not, that I might be brought under the regulating influence of the Holy Spirit, and be led to see the beauty of the truth as it is in Jesus; and these their petitions I have often since considered as the richest inheritance they could bequeath to their children. Very early was my heart made sensible of the love of God, and strong desires were at times raised in my soul to become one of his children; but, notwithstanding these good impressions and my love for the Holy Scriptures which I read much and with great delight, the next ten years were, for the most part, years of inconsideration and levity. In the course of them we were deprived of our excellent mother, whose example was peculiarly instructive, and her councils prudent, judicious, and affectionate. My thoughts often recur with bitter anguish to the few years which immediately followed her death, when I might have afforded so much solace to my tender and deeply sorrowing father, had my heart been but duly subjected to the restraining power of the cross of Christ. And, oh, what cause have I to adore the preventing grace which saved my feet from the path of destruction, at a time when my own folly and inconsideration would have made me an easy prey of our soul's enemy! Then, perhaps, were those prayers of my beloved parents, which had for so many years been offered up, permitted to descend on their unworthy child in the blessing of that God who heareth and answereth prayer, and who, in his tender mercy, was pleased to follow me with the reproofs of instruction.

The ten years subsequent to this were years of chastisement and discipline variously administered. Our inestimable father was taken from us under circumstances which, even now, move every feeling within me when they are vividly brought to remembrance. After his redeemed spirit had joined its beloved companion in the world of rest and purity, a series of trials—some of my own procuring for want of prayerful dependence on an Almighty Saviour, some more directly in the course of providential dispensation—were made the means of humbling and softening, in some degree, my hard, obdurate heart. I was brought to feel my own sinfulness, helplessness, and misery, and to cry, I humbly trust, in sincerity of soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" to lie prostrate at the feet of Jesus, my compassionate Saviour, and, in a precious feeling of resignation to his will, to beg that He would do with me whatsoever seemed good in his sight. Then was the love of Christ felt to be a constraining principle, and, after many deep conflicts of spirit I was made to bow before the Lord, and brought to a willingness to testify to others what He had done for my soul. In our Quarterly Meeting at Poole, a few days after the completion of my thirtieth year. I first spoke in the character of a minister, in those words of the Psalmist, "How great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee!" The sweet peace I was permitted to enjoy for a short time afterwards, no language can describe;—a sense of the pardoning love of God in Christ Jesus my Lord which seemed to *swallow* up my spirit and leave nothing to disturb *the soul's repose* on his infinite and everlasting mercy.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!

And now what shall I say of the last ten years? What a record would they present of the faithfulness of God, of the tender care and matchless mercy of my covenant Lord and Saviour, and of my own ingratitude, unfaithfulness, and negligence! My cup has, indeed, been made to overflow with blessings. In the faithful partner of my joys and sorrows, in the precious children God hath given us, and in a large circle of kind, affectionate, and worthy relatives, I feel that I am rich indeed. To me belongeth only confusion of face, but I trust I may acknowledge, with reverent gratitude, that to these temporal mercies my heavenly Father, in his abounding goodness, has been pleased to superadd somewhat of the blessings of the heaven above, to show me more clearly the sinfulness and depravity of my own heart, and to give me stronger and fuller views of the glory of that gospel which "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Here, then, let me set up an Ebenezer and say, Hitherto hath the Lord helped me. Whether days or years may be added to the fleeting span of life is known only to Him who seeth the end from the beginning. Wonderful in counsel and excellent in working, He doeth all things well: to this only wise God, our Saviour, I desire to commit myself and those dearest to me.

Fourth Month, 6th. Paid a sweet visit to our beloved mother, who has, for several months past, been confined almost entirely to her bed, under the gradually wasting *progress* of an incurable malady. When

I arrived at Tonedale, this morning, our dear invalid was too ill to see any besides those in immediate attendance, but, in the afternoon, being somewhat relieved, I was admitted to her chamber. I found a perceptible alteration in her appearance, since I visited her a few days before; but the sweet tranquillity that surrounded the couch, seemed like an earnest of the rest which awaited the long afflicted and sorrowing spirit. Notwithstanding the weakness and suffering under which our dear parent laboured, she entered, with lively interest, into what more particularly affected others; asked many questions about our dear children; spoke of their little gratifications, and displayed, in various ways, that affectionate consideration for which she was so remarkable. She took leave of me, most tenderly, at parting, and I left her bed-side with the apprehension, that the days of her mourning were almost ended, and that the dawn of a glorious and never-ending day, was about to rise on her humble and lowly spirit.

CHAPTER IV.

The birth of her third and youngest child seems to furnish an appropriate opportunity for making some reference to Maria Fox's character in the important and interesting relation of a mother. Without such an allusion, however brief, this memoir would be incomplete indeed; for, with whatever feelings of partiality her character may be contemplated in other points of view, it was in this that some of its loveliest features were exhibited.

Sympathy with others was, in no common degree, a trait of her disposition, and to this may be traced, in part, the lively interest with which she entered into the pursuits, and pleasures, and feelings of her children, so that, when in their society, she seemed in some sort to identify herself with them. She ever deemed it important to render their childhood a happy period, not by withdrawing those restraints which a Christian parent is bound to impose, but by encircling them as with an atmosphere of kindness and love. From their earliest infancy it was her anxious desire to train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, to bring them to the feet of their Saviour, to *shield them from* temptation, and, above all, by

her own deportment, to present to their view a constant and practical illustration of the substantial privileges, the happiness and peace, resulting from a life of religion. Deep and abiding was her sense of responsibility, and frequent and fervent were her petitions, not only that she might be enabled rightly to perform her part in respect to her beloved children, but that the Lord himself would be pleased to keep them and bless them, and carry forward his own work in their souls.

Fifth Month, 6th. Felt perturbed in mind and anxious during the night on many accounts, especially respecting the dear children and my beloved sister, whose wasted frame and worn countenance bespeak a degree of weakness and prostration which is very affecting to me. Whilst I was musing on these different causes of thoughtfulness, I was comforted by those words of the Apostle Peter, "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you;" and throughout the day, though my mind has not been so calm and confiding as I desire, they have afforded me encouragement and support. What an assurance is this, that the eternal, unchangeable, almighty God cares for us, his poor, feeble, helpless creatures, and invites us to cast all our care upon Him! We are apt to think, if we had this or that assistance from our fellow-mortals we should do better than we do; but what human aid is to be compared with the tender, the compassionate, the infinitely wise superintendence of our Heavenly Father and Friend? He knows our frame and every secret working of the minds He has created, He knows *perfectly what* will aid and what will injure us, what

will advance and what retard our highest happiness. Who then, with such a God to call upon, such a Saviour to trust in, can want any thing that is really good? Be humbled, O my soul, under the sense of thy ingratitude and unbelief, and henceforth bring all thy cares, thy anxieties, and thy burdens, to the feet of thy covenant God and Saviour, of Him who hath said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

About this time Maria Fox obtained the concurrence of her friends for holding meetings in the neighbourhood of Wellington for persons not of our Society. Several of them were held of such an interesting and satisfactory character, that it is to be regretted, that but little reference to them is found in her journal and letters.

To M. Y.

Wellington, *Twelfth Month*, 22*nd*, 1833.

MY DEAR M.,

Perhaps thou wilt ask, how I have been faring since the day we parted.* I wish I could say,—resting in deep humility at the foot of the cross; but alas! the foe without, and the traitor within, have been too often in league to drag me thence, and to occupy me with many things that are not promotive of that state, beautifully described by David, when he said, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul! for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Still, I trust I may say, in reference to the past, I feel there is cause for deep and reverent gratitude; and for the future, I

* *Referring* to a meeting held in a Baptist Chapel.

desire to trust the goodness of that gracious God, who has hitherto helped us, and who does not require us to move, whilst the cloud is on the tabernacle. Some things have tended to depress us, but if we could more completely and constantly trust the great Head of the church to carry forward his own work, in such manner as He sees meet, without so much reasoning on what appears incomprehensible to our bird's-eye vision, it would be much to our profit.....

Thy affectionate,

M. S. F.

1834, *First Month.* Another year has passed away, and, in reviewing the principal events, which, to us, have marked its course, we find much to fill our minds with humbling and profitable reflections. That God in whose hand is the frail thread of our existence, has been pleased to make it the opening and closing year of life, to some closely united to us. In the birth of our precious J., and in the now promising appearance of this infant child, we have a loud call on our gratitude to the great Giver of every good gift. Nor is the tribute of thanksgiving and praise less appropriate or less called for, in events which have bereaved us of those we loved and honoured, and on whom we leaned for counsel and support. They are taken from us, and our tears will flow, when we remember their watchful love, their christian and parental sympathy; but they are, we humbly believe, for ever freed from pain and sorrow, and admitted to the glorious presence of that God, whom they loved and served on earth,—gathered, as the shock of corn *fully ripe, into* the heavenly garner. Rich mercies

have been mingled with our sorrows, and our joys have been in wondrous love, so chastened by that hand which tempers all his dispensations in perfect wisdom, that we may well exclaim with the psalmist, "I will sing of mercy and judgment; unto Thee, O Lord; will I sing."—"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness." Give us hearts to feel thy love, and open Thou our lips to thy praise; above all, sanctify us, we pray Thee, by the influences of thy eternal Spirit, and make us grow in practical holiness, in that deep experimental religion, which is the work of grace alone, and by which we may, in hourly and daily conduct, adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour.

Fifth Month, 14*th*. I have been, for some time, prevented from much active exertion by a weakness in one knee, and I am still obliged to submit to more restriction, than is agreeable or convenient to a mother. I ought, however, most cheerfully to acquiesce in this, as I am favoured to be generally free from pain, and have so many comforts and alleviations that there is room for nothing but gratitude. Still, our wayward nature is often too much disposed to overlook the bright side of the picture, and to dwell on some privation or suffering, instead of remembering, how abundantly mercies and blessings predominate in our cup. An apostle said, that "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous." Oh! that we may be so patiently exercised thereby, as to be enabled in our ultimate experience, to go on with him, and say, "Nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness, unto them which are exercised *thereby*."

Our precious boys are well, and are very interesting company. I sometimes feel it a privation, that I can no longer range about the garden with them, or help them to fly their kites, or to weed their gardens, as I used to do; but at other times, I reflect that this suspension of all active pursuits, is a means of my staying at home, and gives me the privilege and pleasure of being more constantly with them. Experience changes one's sentiments, in many respects. I used to wonder, when I was a girl, that mothers were so absorbed about their children, as to have little inclination, at times, for anything else. Now, I wonder when I see a mother who is fond of going out. However, I desire to have these strong and endearing claims kept in their proper place, and in subservience to the divine will.

"TELLE EST LA VIE."

Dost thou see yon fair bark by the billows upborne,
Her canvass all filled with the fresh breeze of morn?
How she shines in the sunbeam, and dashes the spray
From her prow, as she steadily goes on her way;
Whilst visions of joy o'er her mariners come,
Of the heart-cheering welcome that waits them at home.
Dost thou see her?—all gladness, all grace and all motion,
Like a sea-bird at play on the lap of the ocean.

Mark her well,—wind may come yet,—above her are clouds;
Already the hollow breeze sounds in her shrouds;
The gale blows a-head,—she has shifted her course,
She reefs in her mainsail, and bends to its force;
O'er her slippery deck, see the rude surges sweep,
There! now she is lost in the swell of the deep;
Again she ascends on the crest of the wave,
Now *plunges* down headlong, as seeking her grave.

Such is life !—the young mariner views with delight
His fast sailing vessel, well freighted and tight,
Crowds on all his canvass, steers right for his port,
Nor deems that the tempest shall make him its sport.
It comes ; and the billows rise high to o'erwhelm,
His wave-beaten bark will not answer her helm,
She drives towards the breakers, all human aid vain,
The force of that wild-dashing surge to restrain.

Such the voyage of life ! can it prosperous be,
Without that great Pilot who governs the sea ?
Ask thy Saviour to take but the helm in his hand,
Trust not thy own wisdom, give Him the command.
All-gracious to hear thee, all-mighty to save,
His voice can speak peace to the wind and the wave,
He would steer thee in safety amid the rude blast
And bring thee with joy to the haven at last.

Ilfracombe, Eighth Month, 25th.

To M. Y.

Third Month, 1835.

..... When it pleases God to withdraw us from those outward means of instruction from which we have often derived comfort and encouragement, He does not always open to us the springs of inward refreshment and consolation. He brings us, perhaps, into that state described by the mournful prophet, when he said, "For these things I weep: mine eye, mine eye runneth down with water, because the Comforter, that should relieve my soul, is far from me;" but still, my dear friend, He is as surely teaching us, as when He does it in a more sensible manner; He is showing us that He is God, and none else,—that He will not give his glory to another,

—that we must rest on Him, and Him alone,—that to Him it belongs to begin, to carry forward, and ultimately to complete, the great work of our salvation. May we then, my beloved M., lean, in full confidence of faith, on those precious promises which are yea and amen forever in Christ Jesus our Lord. May we know Him more and more to be "made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption;" and then we shall be able to look round on the swelling waves with something of the holy firmness which filled the breast of Paul when he said, "None of these things move me."

The state of our small portion of the church militant is, indeed, such that we cannot fail of being deeply interested in it, and sometimes the heart seems ready to sink at the view; but I love to turn to the contemplation of that state where all the sincere-hearted followers of the same Lord are forever united in his glorious presence. What an assembly is *there*, of spirits redeemed out of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, and yet all love, harmony, and joy; and the nearer we approach to the Sun of righteousness, who is the centre of that perfect system, the more we shall experience of a preparation for such blessed society. John tells us, in the fifth of the Revelation, what song employs them. Oh that the church on earth were more ready to catch the sacred strain! .....

To S. F.

WELLINGTON, 23rd of Fifth Month, 1835.

MY BELOVED S. F.:—

Thy letter, this evening, has filled my heart with tender sympathy for thee and the rest of our dear friends, who are partaking in the conflicts of the day, —"the burden and heat," we may indeed say. May the Lord strengthen you, and keep you in the secret of his pavilion! How different are the lines of our respective allotments at the present time! and in this I see that fitness which is always to be traced in the dealings of our heavenly Father with his children; for, indeed, I am not at all adapted to such a scene of conflict as that in which you are engaged. I am called, in the privacy of the sick-chamber, to witness the sufferings of a tenderly-beloved relative, and to see the triumph of faith over all the sorrows of the sinking tabernacle; for although the pain and weariness endured by our dear invalid seem, at times, almost to overwhelm her spirits and ours, yet, on the whole, she is supported in so much patience and resignation, and the prospect seems so clear as to the future, that we feel the post we fill a very privileged one; and many precious seasons we have had together, when our minds have been sweetly filled with the consoling sense of that presence which is better than life. I endeavour, from day to day, to look up to that compassionate God who has hitherto been so gracious to us, and who can help us when all human help fails, and encourage the hope that in his tender mercies He will permit a little diminution of pain as the weakness increases, which would be an especial favour. .....

To E. S.

WELLINGTON, Sixth Month, 2nd, 1835.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

Thy very kind letter, received some days since, would have been replied to, I believe, earlier, had not my attention been so closely engaged by the increasingly suffering state of my beloved sister, that I have found it difficult to write. I have now been staying entirely at her house, for more than two weeks, only visiting our precious children occasionally, whilst our dear invalid is resting, or can spare me from her room. She has, indeed, my dear friend, suffered greatly since thou left us. Day and night, we may say, in the mournful language of the Psalmist, the Lord's hand is heavy upon her; nevertheless, she is, in unutterable goodness, sustained from day to day, hoping, trusting in his mercy, so that we feel it a privilege of no common kind to be attending on her, and partaking, as far as we are able, in the trials and consolations that are permitted to her. We dare not desire the prolongation of sufferings we are unable effectually to relieve, and which time seems only to augment; still, nature shrinks exceedingly from the severing stroke. Last night was one of such indescribable anguish that my spirit is almost overwhelmed within me; yet are we enabled, again and again, to look towards the holy temple, and to lift up our hearts to that tender Father whose compassions are new every morning; and He is graciously pleased to renew to us, from season to season, the consoling evidence that, through the merits of our blessed Redeemer, these afflictions shall be out-balanced by "the eternal weight of glory" *reserved in heaven* for those "who, through faith and *patience, inherit* the promises." .....

To M. E.

WELLINGTON, Seventh Month, 25th, 1835.

.....Our beloved H. has not, for some time past, expressed much as regards the future; but there is a precious quiet about her, which is to me most comforting. I do not, perhaps, lay so much stress as some, on the expressions of persons on a sick-bed; not that I undervalue the utterance of those pious feelings of hope and confidence, and even joy, which are sometimes permitted to fill the heart of the Christian sufferer, and to edify, instruct, and console those around him; on the contrary, I deem them invaluable; but there is a sweet stillness which seems to have in it a supporting *fulness*, and this, I sometimes hope, we are now and then permitted to feel. What we have yet to witness, or to pass through, remains concealed; but we know *who* hath conquered the last enemy.

To S. R.

WELLINGTON, Ninth Month, 1st, 1835.

.....We are still at the deeply interesting "post of observation;" I dare not say, with Young "darker every hour," because the path, by which our beloved and long-afflicted sister descends towards the valley, is, through infinite mercy, enlightened by a beam from that better country which lies beyond, where we are enabled to believe, she will soon, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, find mortality to be swallowed up of life. On First-day night last, she remarked to me, the divine arm was underneath, supporting, sustaining her, and on my saying, this it was that kept her in such sweet peace,—hoping, trusting,

she said, "Yes, and panting after the courts." The beautiful words of David were naturally suggested, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks;" she immediately completed the sentence, and said, "Yes, that I can truly say, 'so panteth my soul after thee, O God!'" I often compare the situation of our dear one, as I sit beside her, to the last touching scene in Pilgrim's Progress, where Christiana and her companions lay waiting, in the land of Beulah, for their summons to cross the river; but I do not expect the feelings which now attend, to be continued. We, who are privileged to accompany her as it were to the brink, and whose duty it is to endeavour to minister, in every way, to the alleviation of her sufferings, are permitted graciously to partake of those supports which are so richly provided for her. But the cup has yet to be drunk in its bitterness; when there is no longer any call for watchful care, by day or by night, but we are left to feel our strippedness,—then will come the dregs. We know, however, that the same good Hand that sustains her can sustain us, and that He will do so, unworthy as we are, for the sake of his great mercy, we are bound to believe. We know not what of bodily or mental conflict has yet to be passed through; but it is to me as remarkable as it is consoling, that we have never heard our dear sister express any thing like a doubt as to the prospect before her. When we consider her natural temperament, her great weakness of body, and the wearing effect of long-continued suffering, you will, I think, concur in the acknowledgment, that it is a striking illustration of the power and efficacy of *lively faith* in that Saviour who gave Himself for *us* .....

To E. S. & S. R.

Wellington, Ninth Month, 14th, 1835.

The thoughts of my heart, my beloved cousins, are so many in reference to the deeply affecting scenes we have had to pass through, that I scarcely know how to say anything; much I cannot say now, but if ever we should be favoured to meet, I should find comfort in giving you the interesting and affecting particulars that are hoarded in my memory concerning that beloved and blessed one who has died in the Lord. I feel anxious you should know that we do fully believe the conflict of the last hours, to us so agonizing, was of a character in which the mind had little participation; indeed, I can take comfort in the full belief that the precious sufferer was, in great measure, spared the perception of it. I think that we had more than one merciful evidence of this. But we dwell with peculiar comfort on a gleam of consciousness which we were favoured to witness, on the morning of Fifth-day, when, after the night of unutterable distress which we had passed through, she opened her eyes upon us, with a most sweet and expressive smile. There was no expression of sorrow in the countenance, no appeal to our sympathy, as if in suffering, but, like one awakening from sleep, she seemed surprised to see so many faces around the bed, and delighted to recognise those most dear and familiar. A holy, heavenly joy animated her features, and though unable to speak, she made great attempts to testify her full assent to my dear husband's remark, that he believed she was very happy. I cannot feel

sufficiently thankful for those few moments, which, however, soon passed away. I believe all present were sensible, in a greater or less degree, of the supporting calm that was to be felt in the chamber; a precious evidence to some of us, that the Angel of the everlasting covenant was with her; that, through all, she was upheld by the power of that Almighty King who sitteth upon the flood. Nothing else could have supported us.....

Soon after the decease of her sister, Maria Fox became seriously ill with an affection of the knee-joint. A similar disease having proved fatal in the case of her beloved sister, much anxiety was felt as to the result. Her feelings under this trial are alluded to in the following extracts from her diary and letters:—

My distress was indeed great, and it was a season of peculiar trial to us both. I was brought so low that I could only expect to lay down the body, and I had not those spiritual consolations and supports my soul felt the need of in such an hour of extremity. Yet was the divine arm mercifully underneath, and we were enabled, at seasons, to believe that He who had helped us hitherto would not now cast us off. On one occasion, when my tears had been abundantly poured forth, the Lord was pleased to grant me great consolation by the reading of the sixty-sixth Psalm, and my soul was permitted to rejoice in tribulation, and to trust that I should yet be brought up again, as from the horrible pit, and that the song of praise

would be once more put into our mouths. Blessed forever be the name of the Lord! My dear husband called in another surgeon, under whose judicious treatment I soon gained sufficient strength to think of returning home, and we left Bath the latter end of the Third Month. My strength was still small; and as the spring advanced, I was sensible of its decrease, so that I was led to take a very serious view of the future. My mind was filled with the awful prospect of death and eternity, and the probability of a separation from my beloved husband and children was set fully before me. My soul was humbled, and laid low before the Lord, beseeching with strong crying and tears, that He would be with me and with them, that He would give me ability to drink every cup of suffering, with filial submission to his perfect will, and enable me to cast myself and those dearest to me upon his free mercy. May my soul never forget the solemnity of those seasons, when I seemed to stand as on the threshold of eternity, overwhelmed with the sense of my own vileness, and made deeply to feel that there was no hope but through the everlasting mercies of God, in Christ Jesus. Oh, the preciousness of that salvation which comes by Him!—the reconciliation of sinners unto God, by the blood of the cross, whereby even my poor, trembling soul was enabled to lay hold on hope, and, in some degree of living faith, to plead on behalf of myself, my beloved husband and tender children, our interest in the blessings and privileges of the gospel covenant. For some weeks, this prospect of departure was continued to my mind, but it pleased the Lord, as the season advanced to give me some *increase* of strength.

1836, *Twelfth Month, 27th.* Our friends, J. Eaton and R. Charleton, arrived from Bristol, to attend a meeting of our Temperance Society, held this evening in the Friends' meeting-house. The coldness of the weather and the state of my health did not admit of my attending it, but the accounts of those who were present, are deeply interesting, and call for humble gratitude to Him who, in various ways, qualifies instruments for his own work, and is pleased to touch the hearts of some of his children with such a sense of the infinite value of immortal souls, that they are willing to spend and be spent, if they may be made useful in breaking the fetters of one poor captive sunk in the most cruel and desolating bondage, and bringing him into a state to receive those blessings and privileges which are offered in the gospel of salvation. We had a large company to supper, both in the parlour and kitchen; in the latter, several reformed drunkards sat down to enjoy a repast provided for them. Cold meat and hot soup, with the pure beverage from the stream, formed their meal, and it was delightful to observe their composed countenances and respectable appearance. When the repast was finished, we all joined them in the kitchen, and concluded by our usual evening reading. My husband read the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and the hundred and third psalm, which were remarkably appropriate, and after a time of precious stillness prayer was offered on behalf of these poor men, and of all present. It is indeed refreshing, to contemplate the change in some of them; it leads us to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" To see those who have been the terror of their families and a public burden,

sunk in hopeless wretchedness and misery themselves, and inflicting incalculable sufferings on all connected with them, now sitting, and clothed, and in their right mind, enumerating their own blessings, and anxious to induce others to follow the path which has led them from complicated evils to a state of comparative happiness, ought to fill the heart with emotions of gratitude to Him whose blessing has so evidently rested on this great undertaking. These poor men are now, I understand, all constant attenders of a place of worship, and from their solid and serious deportment, there is every reason to believe the reformation is not confined to their outward conduct, but that they are experiencing a real change of heart. To the Lord alone be all the praise.

1837, *Second Month*, 11*th*. It is one of the alleviations of my delicate state of health that it enables me to have so much of the company of my precious children. It is true I cannot share their out-door pleasures and recreations as I used to do; but, being so much at home, we can pass a great deal of time together; and very interesting to me is their company and conversation. They enjoy reading such books as we think suitable for their information or instruction, and are anxious to acquire knowledge; and it is pleasant to observe how much pleasure they derive from an acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures. I believe the minds of children are particularly susceptible of delight from the beautifully simple and affecting narratives contained in the Bible, and that, if judiciously introduced to them, they are far from finding the other parts uninteresting.

To —— ——,

LONDON, 24th of Fourth Month, 1837.

..... Before I enter on any description of our movements, I shall proceed to notice some of the contents of thine. Thou mayst be assured, my dear, we feel for and with thee, under those exercises thou describest; but I infer from the tenor of the communication altogether, that thy mind is at present in a state of excitement which it is safest for thee not to foster; for thankful as we ought to be, and I trust are, that thy attention is seriously turned to the consideration of those solemn truths which are of infinite and eternal importance, and on which the hopes of the true Christian depend, we should be sorry to see thee carried away by that current, which, though it may not always take the same direction, seems in the present day to endanger the deep, thorough, hidden work which must be carried on in every regenerated soul (and which is not the work of a day) before it can be prepared to bring forth mature, substantial, and good fruit to the praise of the Great Husbandman. Far be it from me to give an opinion as to what may be thy future path; the great Head of the Church chooses his own instruments as it pleaseth Him; but even if it should be his purpose that thou shouldest thus testify thy love to Him, He may show it thee, as He has done to many others, for years before He calls thee to the public acknowledgment of it. I believe also that young converts — those who are newly awakened to the value and importance of religion, are very apt, in the ardour of their feelings, to imagine they are called to great things, and, in the overflowings of that love

to their Saviour which may be raised in their hearts, to believe they must, as thou expressest it, "speak his praise" to those around them. I write to thee in great freedom, because thou hast asked it, and because, as one who has lived longer and has seen something of the insidious working of the cruel tempter, I feel it my duty so to do, being assured that thou wilt accept it as it is intended,—not to discourage thy progress in the way that is cast up for thee, whatever that way may be, but to show thee, if it may be, some of the dangers that surround the path of the young pilgrim. The longer I live, the more anxious I feel that the Lord may give me such a sense of the awful importance of the great truths of religion, as that I may always be fearful of substituting *expression* for *experience*, and that I may be more desirous to feed in secret upon the bread of life than to talk about it to others. Let us remember, my dear, that stillest streams are the deepest, and that it often pleases the great Sanctifier, Enlightener, and Comforter of the people of the Lord to carry on his work in their souls after a very hidden manner. I would therefore encourage thee to diligence in the duties of the closet, to private reading of the Scriptures, to close self-examination, meditation, and secret prayer, rather than to suffer thyself to be drawn forth into much conversation or writing on thy spiritual concerns. If thou look to the Lord Jesus, and desire to be his sincere, humble follower, He has promised, that such "shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life;" and there is no teaching like his teaching . . . With respect to visiting the sick poor, thou knowest I have ever

encouraged thee to think of them, and to attend to their temporal wants; and, if in the course of thy visits amongst them for this purpose, thou feel inclined to read to them, it is a very useful and profitable employment for thee and them; but I scarcely need say to thee, it requires great caution and much religious experience, to speak suitably to persons who are perhaps undergoing the correcting discipline of our Heavenly Father, or whom He may be training, by many afflictions, for a better inheritance. It is often safer, especially for young persons like thyself, to offer up a secret prayer on their behalf, if that is raised in the heart, than to express ourselves to them under the influence of present excitement. I hope, my dear, this letter will not discourage thee. "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart."

CHAPTER V.

1837, *Sixth Month*, 19*th*. An important prospect at present occupies our attention, as it has done more or less for at least two years past,—that of removing our residence to the neighbourhood of London. Such a change is on many accounts formidable, and we feel it to be a very serious thing. May the Lord undertake for us in the matter, and direct our steps in his fear! I believe we have been often brought, in reference to it, to adopt a prayer like that of Moses when he said, "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." The longer I live, the less important it appears where our outward habitation is, if it be but in the spot most conducive to our highest interests. Wherever we are, we can have no substantial comfort but in the simple endeavour to commit our way unto the Lord; and with his guidance and blessing all our trials and sorrows shall be sweetened.

Seventh Month, 11*th*. Our Monthly Meeting. I ventured to lay before my friends a prospect of visiting a few of the meetings in this county and Devonshire, as well as the families of some of those in this immediate neighbourhood. My dear S. F. expressed his willingness to accompany me, and, the Meeting concurring in our views, a minute of approbation was

prepared. This is a very humiliating engagement under all the circumstances of these present times; but if it is called for at our hands, the Lord, whom we desire to serve, will not forsake us in our need, but will furnish us with such supplies from day to day as He sees meet. May we take every step in holy reverential fear, and minister only "of the ability which God giveth," that we may be abased and his great name in all things be glorified!

17th. Since the foregoing date, we have been engaged, as my strength would admit, in the visit to the families here, and have not yet finished. We have gone from house to house in deep poverty, and with a humbling sense of our own weakness; but we have cause reverently to acknowledge the tender mercy of the Lord, who does not forsake the little ones that place their dependence on Him. I humbly trust some ability has been afforded to speak plain truth in love, though in some instances, if there had been a greater willingness to suffer, there might have been a fuller evidence that the whole message had been declared; still, it has been, on the whole, a season of the renewal of our faith and confidence in the putting forth of the Great and Good Shepherd, and in the preciousness of his anointing.

Ninth Month, 2nd. I went afterwards to see our dear aged friend, E. Gregory, and found her very mournful, from mental depression, which I doubt not has been much induced by physical indisposition. A time of sweet refreshment, in the remembrance of the Lord's unfailing goodness, and of all that tender care *which* He displays towards his people, in their low-

est estate; keeping covenant with the night and with the day, and suffering not his faithfulness to fail. It was very affecting, to see how the infirmities of the mortal tabernacle weigh down the immortal and nobler part, and how those who have been active in their Lord's service, may be tossed, tempted, and well nigh brought to despair, through the weakness of the flesh and the cruelty of their great enemy; but the Lord Jesus is stronger than all, and He it is who shall bruise Satan under their feet, in his own time.

Ninth Month, 23*rd*. Left Wellington after a solemn and heart-tendering season with our own household, all of whom except one are to follow us to London.

Tenth Month, 30*th*. The great change we have experienced by the removal to Peckham has a natural tendency to force home upon the mind the often-repeated truth, that here we have no continuing city, and to bring with it a serious review of the past. Very solemn have been my feelings since we entered on this new allotment, and many instructive and deeply-affecting seasons long since gone by have passed in review before me, I humbly hope, not without raising in my heart the sincere tribute of gratitude and praise. For the most part, my mind has been filled with sweet peace in committing all into the Lord's hand, and in something of a quiet confidence that He will yet care for us and ours, and order all things in the way that shall be most conducive to our highest interests. My soul has been often ready to say, If the Lord be the portion of our inheritance and of our cup, we need fear no evil; but I do not expect this state of mind to

continue long, without the interruption that arises from the temptation of the enemy and the deep-rooted evils of my own heart. If the cruel adversary should endeavour to raise anxious and depressing thoughts and to fill me with unbelief and fear, oh! that I may flee to the strong for strength and be enabled still to hold to the anchor "which entereth into that within the veil." I cannot express the desire I feel that the various changes we find in our allotment may be sanctified to us, and be made a means of exciting us to a more holy diligence, to more constant watchfulness, and to a more faithful discharge of those every-day duties which devolve upon us. Being unable to walk much I am necessarily prevented from engaging in those things which interest and occupy many around me; and the numerous claims that came on me from the poor, in the retirement of my own home at Wellington, are not supplied at present by similar ones here, where we are little known. Oh! that this suspension of a kind of occupation in which I have been wont to find pleasure and profit may not render me selfish and attentive to my own personal convenience; but may I rather consider it as a call to increased diligence in labouring after an acquaintance with my own heart, and seeking more of spiritual communion with my God and Saviour. The best welfare of our household, and our precious children especially, has been much on my mind of late. May it be given me to see how I can be made most useful to those who are in some measure dependent upon us daily! Chiefly may I seek continually the aid of the Holy Spirit, who helpeth our infirmities, and be enabled to

walk so as in no wise to dishonour the cause of religion, but rather to hold out the impressive language of example!

Eleventh Month, 8th. Oh that I may be kept in an humble, watchful frame from day to day, seeking to fulfil my duties towards my own family in the fear of the Lord! The dear children have a constant claim, requiring the judicious restraint and direction of parental discipline.

Their desire to be with us, and the enjoyment we have in their society, holds out continual inducement to indulge them, perhaps beyond the proper point; but we have ever been fearful of weakening, by undue restraints, that entire confidence they repose in us. How difficult it is in all things to maintain the golden mean! Everywhere we need the assistance of that wisdom which is from above, but especially in this important and sacred charge.

10th. Oh, how strong is the power of darkness! how deep and ramified the roots of evil! May professing Christians be more aroused to consider what is their high calling, and be more diligent in individual and united efforts for the spreading of true Christian principles in the earth! and may those who are unable to assist by active co-operation, ever bear in mind that they are especially called to seek for ability to put up their petitions to our Father in heaven, on behalf of the oppressed and afflicted in every part of his great family! My mind is often deeply affected in reflecting on the state of the visible church; how far from coming up to that beautiful and comprehensive description given by our Lord when He said, "Ye are

the salt of the earth;" "Ye are the light of the world." Oh that those who name the name of Christ were indeed brought under the influence of his Spirit, and so led to depart from iniquity as that they might possess a seasoning virtue and spread around them a healthful and purifying influence! When will vital, practical godliness take the place of heartless profession and superficial piety! Surely the church has to undergo a great change before she can occupy the position designed for her in the earth: by what means her awakening and purifying are to be effected is known only to Him who is her everlasting Head. If He should employ her enemies for this purpose and suffer her more fearfully to feel the rage of her adversaries, it would be no marvel. O Lord! give us more faith, more sincerity, more holy stability of purpose, that we may do all in thy fear and with a single eye to thy glory; and enlarge our hearts one towards another in the love of thy gospel of peace.

17*th*. Oh! that I may be found diligent in those duties which belong to my every-day life. The serious responsibility of those who are placed at the head of a family often weighs heavily on my mind. The proper moral and religious instruction of servants is a subject much in my thoughts; but I fear *thinking* about it to often takes the place of that hearty and conscientious endeavour which ought to be maintained. Allowance is doubtless to be made for the want of early training; but what most pains me is, that those who consider themselves religious professors, and are deemed so by the Societies to which they belong, should not have a *more elevated* scale of Christian duty. Surely there

is a want in Christian congregations of enforcing the plain practical precepts of the gospel. Am I faithful in this respect in my private sphere, or do false delicacy and other unworthy motives deter me from speaking of little things that do not appear to me consistent with sound morality or good principles?

Twelfth Month, 12*th*. My husband has been closely engaged, of late, on the business of the poor negroes. The sittings of the delegates who were convened in London lasted, I think, more than ten days, and were particularly interesting. There were about one hundred and eighty of them assembled from various parts of the three kingdoms; men of great variety of character, and of different religious denominations, but uniting, with cordiality and christian feeling, in the great cause which drew them together.

31*st*. This day—the last of an eventful year—brings with it many solemn considerations. It is a day my dear husband and I would fain have spent together. He is at a distance, but brought near in spirit; and I doubt not his heart is humbled under the remembrance of those multiplied mercies that have marked the year now passing away, and that his petitions have secretly ascended on behalf of himself and us, that we may know the blessing of preservation and guidance in the time to come, whether it be long or short. May our hearts be more devoted to the Lord, and our spirits so quickened in his fear, that day by day we may know the help of his Spirit, to teach us his will and to guide our feet in the way of peace!

1838, *First Month, 3rd.* The commencement of a new year has produced in my mind very solemn and humbling reflections, whether I look at the irrevocable past, the important present, or the uncertain future. The opening of another year of our lives, of which we know not what may be the termination, or whether before that arrives our spirits may be called away from these mortal bodies to appear before the Lord of all and give an account of the deeds done on earth, ought indeed to make us very serious and to lead to deep searching of heart. "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith; prove your ownselves. Know ye not your ownselves how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" This was the test proposed by an apostle to some of the early Christians. What do I know of this efficacious faith, of this indwelling of the converting, renovating, sanctifying Spirit of Christ our Saviour, of a conformity to his will, an abiding union with Him as the branch in the vine? I humbly trust I can say that through the power of his grace my heart is in some degree set upon heavenly things, and that my soul longs after more of the mind that was in our dear Redeemer, more of the humility, the meekness, the gentleness of Christ, more patience in tribulation, more joyfulness in hope, more fervency of love, more steadfastness of faith; but, alas! in all these fruits of the Spirit how disproportioned has been my progress to the blessings and advantages bestowed! Oh that my precious children may prize the day of early visitation, and seek, in the morning of life, to be devoted wholly to the Lord!

5th. I am much inclined, naturally, to retrace the past, to dwell on the remembrance of events gone by; but though retrospection, under the teaching and with the restraints of that blessed Spirit that helpeth our infirmities, is a very profitable exercise of the mind, it is, when indulged as a natural bias, attended with peculiar temptations, particularly in relation to seasons of sorrow. The enemy takes advantage of the disposition to retrace the minute circumstances of these, in order to disturb the peace of the soul, to cloud its confidence, and to produce a sadness unfavourable to the discharge of those duties of every day which are imperative and demand for their right performance the full energies of the mind. I want more of the faith that lifts the veil, that enables its possessor to leave all unprofitable cleaving to those things which are behind and to reach forth unto those things which are before, pressing "towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." We are too apt to forget that there is but a small step between mournfulness and murmuring. I desire that mine may be a cheerful, not a forced submission to the will of my heavenly Father, and that I may seek, with humble confidence in his perfect wisdom, to leave the past with Him; endeavouring to inquire what is the lesson He designs to teach me, and how it may be applied to the present. It is not for us to inquire why some of his devoted servants, who, to our apprehension, seemed to live with their loins girded about and their lights burning, should have had to pass through such severe bodily conflicts before the mortal tabernacle could be put off. When that glorious hope, full of immortality, is made perfect, surely

they do realize that which by faith they were, even here, enabled to believe,—that all the afflictions of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory of their eternal inheritance. May we then be silent, and adore the Hand that hath done all things well concerning his servants, and gather from their experience renewed strength and confidence, seeing that He who was their refuge is still the same Lord over all, and is rich unto all that call upon Him.

22*nd.* I have had but little leisure for writing the last two weeks, but during that time have been gladdened by the return of my beloved husband, bringing our dear M. with him. We are thankful to have our children once more all with us, and are solicitous to discover what will be the most satisfactory plan to pursue with regard to their education. If it can be suitably carried on at home, we should prefer it to parting with any of them,—at least for some time to come. The society of children is very sweet and endearing, and many are the opportunities afforded to a parent of endeavouring to cultivate right principles and affections. We have the comfort, at present, of seeing our dear boys prefer the society of their parents to every other; and their dutiful desire to do what we wish is grateful, and amply compensates for the exertion inseparable from the care of lively children, whose energies want constant regulation and control. But whether they will have all that steadiness of government and wholesome discipline, which is essential, admits of some doubt. In this respect I feel my deficiency greatly, both from the want of proper judgment *and decision,* and from the effects, oftentimes, of bodily

weakness. In this and other important considerations which now press seriously upon us, may we be favoured with direction from above!

Second Month, 4th. At Meeting this morning after an absence of five weeks. I sat under an humbling consciousness of my own slow progress in the Christian course, if, indeed, I am not retrograding; and when E. Dudley enlarged on the want of willingness in those who had been again and again invited to the feast the Lord provides for his people, fully to accept the offers of his grace and avail themselves of his bountiful preparation, my heart was smitten with something like the appropriating language of Nathan, "Thou art the man." How tender has been his care, how gracious his invitations to my soul! and what am I, after years of profession? Lord, be pleased to spare yet a little longer, and to dig about and dress the fig-tree, that it be not cut down as utterly unfruitful!

Third Month, 1st. Our minds have been closely exercised of late on the subject of our future place of residence; more especially as, after many fruitless inquiries in both places, a house has now offered, both here and at Tottenham. The scale has preponderated in favour of the latter, the place we looked most towards in the first instance; and I humbly trust we may go forward, in a little faith that it is the right decision. After some conflict of mind on the subject, we seemed to feel a degree of quiet confidence that in looking towards a settlement in that meeting we were not turning aside from the path of duty, and that it would be safest for us to decide on taking a house *there.*

CHAPTER VI.

1838, *Fourth Month, 30th.* We came to Tottenham last Fifth-day, not without a variety of feelings. To enter on an untried sphere appears formidable, though after the earnest and, I trust, sincere desires we have felt to be directed aright, and the repeated proofs we have had of the loving-kindness of the Lord towards us, my mind is sustained in quiet confidence that we are under the care of our heavenly Father for good, and that He has led us to the place which is really best for us. We come, indeed, under a strong sense that trials must be expected wherever we dwell if we would be found followers of a crucified Saviour; yet I have felt that we have cause reverently to bless the name of the Lord, and again to commit ourselves into his good hand.

Eighth Month, 3rd. At a meeting appointed for S. Capper, amongst the poor inhabitants of Bethnal Green. It was held under a tent and, although long in collecting, was, in the end, large and very quiet. The gospel call went forth to different classes amongst them. Some, who though poor in this world might be rich in faith, were encouraged to hold on their way *and to* look towards that better inheritance reserved [redacted] *them in* the world to come; whilst the poor sin-

ner was invited to cast himself upon the free mercy of that Saviour who died for all, and to surrender himself to the cleansing operations of the Holy Spirit. A large proportion of the people were men, and very attentive and serious in their behaviour. It is grateful to find some of the Lord's servants called to labour, particularly amongst this class, for whose condition, in this great metropolis and its environs, my heart is often painfully affected. Oh the wretchedness, the poverty and the sin, that overspreads a large portion of professing London! When, alas! shall the followers of Christ (or rather those who are called by his name) be brought to feel their responsibilities, and become adequately sensible of what they owe to the poorest and vilest of their fellow-creatures, *for his sake*. Surely, it is his design that the church on earth should follow out his great example, and be willing to spend and be spent in the work of seeking to reclaim the wanderers, to succour the helpless, to comfort the mourners, and to turn souls to Him. Oh! for more of the spirit that was in the first christians, and of which the early Friends largely partook, a spirit of unshrinking courage and of true devotedness to the service of their Lord.

Maria Fox and her husband having been engaged in a religious visit in two of the neighbouring counties, the following entries occur in her diary:—

Ninth Month, 29th. Meeting at Olney. Solitary indeed, are these little meetings scattered about the country, but in attending them, we were, at times,

made thankful in the belief, that the great and good Shepherd mercifully regards his flock in the wilderness, and that low as is their condition, He is yet disposed to bless them and to do them good. It was much our concern, to encourage these to a diligent waiting and a simple dependence upon Him. Went on to Wellingborough. I had not been there for fifteen years, and found it very affecting to return to the house in which my beloved parents had lived, and where the days of my childhood were passed, under their tender and religious care.

Tenth Month, 12*th*. At the weekday meeting at Eydon; a small company, but a time of some precious feeling, in which the solitary ones were encouraged to lay hold on the strength that may be from time to time mercifully afforded; and the renewed offers of heavenly love and pity went forth to some who might be conscious of having wandered from the path of safety. Diverged a little from the road, to see S. and E. Simons in their solitary home. William Simons, their father, was rather a remarkable character, well known to me, in my early days, as a frequent visitor at my dear parents' house,—a venerable man, of strong natural understanding, though without the advantages of education. He was much engaged in the work of the ministry, and was a frequent attender at funerals, and on other occasions that were likely to draw people together. His extensive and accurate knowledge of the Holy Scriptures was often striking to those who might be ready to despise the homeliness of his exterior and his almost uncouth appearance. His income *was very small*, but, with a contented mind, enough

for his wants, and he had always a comfortable bed and a welcome for Friends travelling on religious service. This valuable man suffered much from the oppressive exactions of the parish priest, who was a young man of illiberal mind, and availed himself of the utmost allowance of the law, taking, for a demand of thirteen pence half-penny per year, and the fines permitted by the Ecclesiastical Court for non-payment of the same, a piece of land on which W. S. kept his horse. This he retained upwards of nine years, and subjected his venerable and justly-respected neighbour to the inconvenience of going a distance of two miles (when he came weary from his journeys) to a plot of ground he hired for the keep of his horse. The case was long under the notice of Friends, and visits were paid at different times to the clergyman, with little effect. My dear father and the late Frederick Smith went to Peterborough, and had an interview on the subject with Dr. Madan, then bishop of the diocese. The bishop gave them a very kind and christian-like reception, expressing his regret that any of the clergy under his superintendence should have so little regard for conscientious scruples, and engaged to write the clergyman a letter of remonstrance, which there was reason to believe he did. After the plot of ground was restored, I believe W. S. was not again troubled in the same way.

19*th*. Came from High Wycombe to Uxbridge, and from thence home. We were favoured to arrive safely and to find our dear children well. For this, and for many blessings that have been bestowed upon us, we desire that we may feel humbly thankful, and

that the review of our late journey may be made deeply instructive to our minds. May the assistance graciously afforded strengthen our faith, and the omissions and haltings lastingly impress the necessity of simple dependence and child-like obedience to that which is clearly manifested, though it may be under feelings of great weakness! When creaturely reasonings are once given way to, the enemy pours them in like a flood, and, in the low condition of our poor Society in many places, there is the utmost need for all who go forth to labour, to strive to hold fast every part of the armour with which they may have been in some degree invested.

To a Son.

Tottenham, Tenth Month, 26th, 1838.

..... There is one point on which I have wished to give thee a word of counsel: not so much because I think thee in fault in this respect, as because, where many young persons are together, they are apt sometimes to indulge in conversation without much considering the tendency of it. I believe it is very important for us all, and especially so for the young, to keep up a very solemn sense of the awful nature of the Divine Being, and of the deep reverence with which we poor mortals should think and speak of Him who is so infinitely exalted above all; and that we should never allow ourselves to speak lightly either of our great Creator's name, or of those things which relate to our eternal state; because, by such means, the mind may be brought, by degrees, to disregard the most solemn *subjects*. These thoughts have arisen, in part, from

hearing thee relate one or two stories, which, though they may be met with in history or other books, are best not dwelt upon or repeated. By keeping a guard over thy words and thoughts in this respect, thou wilt be strengthened to resist temptation, which is always at hand in some way or other, and which we cannot overcome in our own strength; but, if we ask the Lord for help, He will grant it us, and will bless the watchfulness of a mind that desires to live in his fear all the day long.....

Eleventh Month, 24th. How many errors are occasioned by the disposition of mankind to dogmatize in religion,—to frame theories of their own on points not fully revealed to us, and which we can never comprehend until that solemn period when the veil shall be removed, and we shall know even as also we are known. In the mean time it is the part of the true believer to receive with humility the truths of Christianity, and to rest in the assurance that what may now appear to our finite understandings incomprehensible, or even contradictory, will then be found in perfect harmony with all the holy attributes and adorable perfections of God. But human wisdom is *unwilling to wait*; and so systems are proposed, and the simple-hearted are perplexed about that which it is of little importance to them, individually, to know; whilst there may be some danger of neglecting those plain, practical, heart searching truths that ought to press on our most serious and attentive consideration. Christ Himself has said, "If, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." Oh that we had a more

single eye to the leadings of the Great and Good Shepherd! then we should see clearly the things which belong to our souls' peace, and what part He may condescend to assign us in the carrying on of his work in the earth.

Not that I would undervalue clear views of scriptural truth, for I believe we have suffered, and do still suffer, as a Society, for want of more attention to the various parts and different branches of it; but man is apt to run on into extremes, and is not satisfied to stop where it is evidently the design of infinite wisdom that his knowledge should be limited. The condition of the heathen, to whom the knowledge of an outward revelation has not been granted,— the subject of man's free agency, and of election, "according to the fore-knowledge of God the Father,"— are far above our limited power of comprehension; but the Holy Scriptures abundantly testify of the goodness and mercy of God, and of the fulness and freeness of that salvation which comes by Jesus Christ, who, we are expressly told, tasted death for every man. Most beautifully and evenly is the balance held in the language of the inspired volume. Oh! that men would reverently receive all that is there unfolded, and leave the unfathomable with Him to whom, we are assured, "secret things belong." The three following texts, taken in connection, appear to me very striking, as illustrative one of another. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John vi. 37. "No man can come to me, except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him." John vi. 44. "And I, if I be lifted *up from* the earth, will draw all men unto me." John *xii. 32.*

Twelfth Month, 23rd. Indisposition has confined me to the house for nearly a fortnight. Last Fourth day my S. F. left us for Wellington. We were favoured with a sweet season before he set out, when the renewed sense of our heavenly Father's love was mercifully granted. Oh, how this sweetens every cup! I was very thankful for such a favour, having particularly felt the prospect of parting with my beloved husband at this time; but when we have reason to believe we are in our right places respectively, we may be encouraged to trust that help will not be withheld in time of need. I find it very sweet to have the dear children about me, though their activity of body and mind keeps me fully employed. Thought it a comfort to sit down with my dear friends at meeting, although in much poverty myself. It is no small favour to be placed amongst those who are sympathizing and affectionate, and to have some on whom we can lean, as far as it may be safe to lean on mortals, for solid judgment and counsel. "Cease ye from man" is a language that has surely been sounded in our ears, as a people, by those things that have been permitted to befall us; and I desire we may increasingly seek to have our dependence on the Lord alone: nevertheless, those whom he qualifies for important stations in the church are to be esteemed highly, and the elders counted worthy of double honour.

1839, *First Month, 9th.* My dear S. F. reached us yesterday. I believe our hearts are made truly thankful for the privilege of being permitted to meet again, and a mutual desire felt, that we may bring forth the fruits of faith, to the praise of the great

Husbandman. The accounts of our dear relatives interesting, and the various proofs of their love grateful. My husband brings a pleasant report of some of the poor people, in whose welfare we were interested, when living at Wellington. Several of the poor men, who have been reclaimed through the instrumentality of the Total Abstinence Society, appear to be going on very satisfactorily, and, it is hoped, making some steady advances in religious experience.

22*nd*. This life is to the Christian the scene of his warfare, not of his rest. For several years my dear husband and myself had many close provings and conflicts of spirit in connection with the agitated state of our Society; but I have generally felt restrained from committing much respecting them to writing. We had the unspeakable comfort of being united in one mind and one judgment; and we felt the importance of not aggravating our feelings under it by detailing circumstances even in this private manner. Self may be fed by recounting our trials, which we are apt enough to dwell upon and pore over. If they spring in any measure from our attachment to what appear to us important principles, we are in danger of considering all our disquiets and uneasiness as sufferings for the truth's sake; whereas they may be partly produced by our indulgence of an unchristian disposition or by the prevalence of unmortified self-love. In this way we may deceive ourselves and increase our discouragements; whilst an endeavour to number our blessings and stir up the mind to a grateful remembrance of the Lord's mercies is both *animating and* humbling. In our present position we are

necessarily brought more into contact with the body at large, and have an opportunity of observing the effect of opposite views in both directions. Oh, how craftily does the adversary work!—representing that as *all-important* to one, which, with equal success, he exhibits to another as of *no importance at all.* He cares not in what direction we wander if he can but turn us out of the straight path, and rob us of that peace which is to be sought in simply following our heavenly Leader in the obedience of faith. When he cannot shake the mind from a steadfast attachment to what it has proved to be good and valuable, he sometimes seeks to busy it too much with externals, or so to depress it with gloomy and discouraging views as to obstruct the lively exercise of faith and hope and the growth of other precious fruits of the Spirit. It is true, there are discouragements enough, — such a mass of heterogeneous opinions, contradictions, and inconsistencies amongst men that we might well sink at the view, were it not for that consoling and strengthening assurance of the Lord Jesus, that his sheep shall know his voice, and that He will give them such a discriminating knowledge of it as shall enable them to distinguish it from the voice of the stranger. It is the policy of the enemy to raise a clamour, that men may not hear or may not attend to this gentle and inspeaking voice. He knows how to take every advantage, and to turn opposite circumstances to his own account; and perhaps is now seeking to hinder the progress and to lessen the usefulness of some in our Society by unduly casting them down.

We often hear it said, and are to apt to say ourselves, that the times in which we live are peculiar;

without sufficiently considering that, in every age of the church, there have been afflictions deemed peculiar by those on whom they fell; therefore the Apostle Peter says, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." What are our sufferings when compared to those of the first followers of Christ? They endured a great fight of afflictions; and how? Not by giving way to gloomy fears, uttering doleful complaints, or casting reproaches one upon another. They put on "the breastplate of faith and of love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation," and nobly pressed toward the mark for the prize of their high calling; and surely it is with the same heavenly armour we must be equipped if we would maintain our posts as good soldiers of Christ Jesus. Let us not then pore over each other's errors, but rather seek for more of that grace which will enable us to detect our own. I think I never felt more strongly than at present the necessity for all who seek the welfare of our Society to endeavour to follow diligently their individual path of duty, as it may be clearly made known to them, looking as little as possible to the right hand or to the left.

27*th*. A very unprofitable state of mind this morning; wandering thoughts and great deadness and dryness of spirit Feared I should leave the meeting without partaking of any refreshment; but at length my dear husband was strengthened to offer a prayer for those of whom it might be said, "the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." This petition for *the help* and the strengthening of the weak, and for

the Lord's gracious power to overcome their souls' enemies, tendered and contrited my hard heart; and I was thankful for the persuasion that the Lord is merciful to his feeble and unworthy children, visiting their souls with his love, even when they seem unable availingly to cry, "Give us this day our daily bread."

Sixth Month, 7th. The Yearly Meeting has passed over. The business of the meetings was conducted in harmony, and, I trust, there were renewed proofs, that however low our condition, we are not a forsaken people; but in my own particular experience, it was a time of depression and temptation. Perhaps, if the grain of faith had been kept in exercise I might have felt more strengthened and refreshed, and my spiritual enemies might have had less power to mar the peace of my soul. My health was rather below par, and my thoughts much turned towards our dear children: felt it delightful to return from the bustle of the crowded city in the afternoons, and breathe the pure air of the garden with them.

On Fifth-day week, I stayed in London all day, and in the evening meeting, was enabled to give expression to an exercise which had been felt for some time, without the courage or the faith to cast it off. On getting home afterwards, found our dear S. very poorly with fever and sore throat. It increased rapidly, and has proved a severe illness. The suffering of our beloved child has been great, from the swelling and inflammation of the throat. We have cause to acknowledge, with humble gratitude, that we were favoured with some precious sense of the tender mercy

of our Heavenly Father, and the secret prayer was raised in our hearts, that we might be enabled to commit the event to his all-wise disposal. On Fourth-day, there was an obvious improvement in the symptoms, and since that time, a steady progress towards recovery. Yesterday, was the dear child's birth-day, completing his ninth year. My mind was affected by the consideration, that very different feelings would have been ours, if the discouraging symptoms that had shown themselves had not been arrested, and, I hope, some acknowledgment of the Lord's mercy towards us was secretly made.

Ninth Month, 10*th*. We have ventured to cast before our dear friends, a prospect of visiting the meetings within our own Quarterly Meeting, and also of appointing some with those not of our Society. The Monthly Meeting has granted us a minute, expressive of cordial desire for our encouragement; but my mind is poor and stripped in the extreme, amounting almost to deadness. We do not see our way far befor us in this engagement. May we be enabled to go o step by step, in simple faith; but after some degr of willingness has been wrought, and a beginni made to walk in the way of apprehended duty,— heart even constrained to acknowledge, that it is of Lord's mercy that He condescends to renew the how do the infirmities of the creature, again and a rise up, and with what haltings and reluctance d set about that which is called for. My whole fr bodily and mental, shrinks from these public *ings*, but if faith had been stronger, we might *haps* have proposed one at Croydon. Oh! that *submission* may be wrought in me.

15th. Went to the meeting at Wandsworth, where some renewed help was afforded for united labour. Ventured to propose the invitation being more extended in the evening. The company was not large, but nearly filled the house. It was a remarkably quiet meeting throughout, though the time of silence was pretty long. I am ready to think, some expression was withheld that might have helped us, but we ought thankfully to acknowledge a comforting sense of the presence of Him, who is the everlasting Head and High Priest of his church. The belief that He did graciously prepare the hearts of more than a few to perform spiritual worship, was humbling and refreshing to our minds.

Tenth Month, 4th. Went to Northampton; found my aunt E. Hoyland very feeble, but quite capable of knowing me, and apparently much satisfied that I was with her.

13th. About four o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th, my dear aunt's spirit was gently set free from the suffering tabernacle. Only M.C. and M., besides myself, were present; and so sweet was the feeling that prevailed at that solemn moment we were loath to break the stillness by calling any one. I believe our hearts were secretly bowed in gratitude before the Lord, who had so mercifully sustained his aged servant through the last conflict, had granted her a gentle and easy dismissal at the close of it, and ministered, we cannot doubt, through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, an entrance abundantly into his everlasting kingdom. The departure of this my last near *relative of that* generation is touching to my

tenderest feelings, and opens a train of reflection that cannot be set down with pen and ink. My dea aunt was enabled to give proof of early dedication through her submission to the restraining power c the Spirit of truth, and, in many close trials of fait and patience, has remarkably held fast her integrity maintaining, in the different circumstances in whic she has been placed, some of them more than ordin arily painful, the character of an humble, consisten follower of Christ; and her sun has set with swe serenity, leaving behind a bright example to others She was a woman of active habits, and, notwithstand ing her age, being, I think, upwards of eighty, sh continued the regular visitor of a Bible-district ti within a few months of her decease.

D. C. arrived on Second-day,—just what the dea departed would have chosen if she could have directe for herself. I have often had occasion to remark, hov even minor circumstances seem to be ordered at suc a time for those who have sought to put their whol trust in the Lord. The interment took place to-day when a large and solemn meeting was held.

18*th*. It is thirty years this day since my precio mother was taken from this world. The circumstan ces of her death are very fresh in my remembrance How many solemn considerations does the return o this season bring with it! Where should I now hav been but for the preserving and restraining han which secretly held me in seasons of peculiar peril Deprived of the watchful care of a judicious mothe at the age of sixteen, and a few years afterwards o my honoured father, with a disposition that laid m

open to many dangers, I shudder, even now, to think where I might have been led; but the Lord, in his tender compassion, forsook me not, followed me with his reproofs, and exercised his fatherly chastisements. Some of these were bitter to the natural taste, yet can I now feelingly adopt the language of the Psalmist, and say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," "for before I was afflicted I went astray." Oh that through a more watchful obedience to the leadings of the Great and Good Shepherd there may be an increased ability to make the addition the Psalmist made:—"But now have I kept thy word."

I have felt much inclined to cling to the privacy of our own dwelling; but the consideration of what may be our present duty inclines us to look towards the meeting of Hammersmith and Brentford next First-day. I feel exceedingly loath to leave our dear boys again, but have thought of the trials to which our early Friends were exposed, who, when they left their homes to attend a meeting, had the constant apprehension of being sent from it to a dungeon, where they might lie months or even years, and in some instances, perhaps, leave their children without the needful provision for their support. Strong faith, indeed! how it reproves our reluctant and feeble service!

30th. Awoke with some strong desires after right direction and guidance in our outward concerns; that we may order all, even the minor matters which come more immediately within my province, with christian prudence and discretion, so that we may not be shut up from the *wants of* others, but rather see where we

may circumscribe our own; especially, that our dear children may not be trained in unnecessary indulgence. I am ready to think it would be more painful to be obliged to withhold, in reference to the help of others, than to give up some accommodations ourselves; but more self-love may be lurking in my heart than I have yet detected, and if really called to surrender conveniences or comforts to which I have been accustomed, there might be a greater unwillingness than I now suppose. Oh! that selfishness may be thoroughly rooted out, and that through the effectual working of the Holy Spirit, we may know some measure of the mind which was in Christ.

Eleventh Month, 15th. "I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness," is, I think, the language of David; and the apostle says, speaking of the Lord, "We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Blessed and glorious transformation! May we be continually pressing after a growing likeness to the second Adam,—the Lord from heaven,—a quickening spirit; that as we have borne the image of the earthy, we may, in the Lord's own time, bear the image of the heavenly, and through his abounding grace, experience the fulfilment of those words of the apostle, "Death is swallowed up in victory." But whilst writing thus, I would by no means wish to encourage any morbid distaste of the present sphere of duty, whether that duty may be in doing or in suffering. Our mortal life is a precious gift of our Heavenly Father's bounty, replete with comforts and enjoyments, for the *truly* humbled and submissive soul; and if we are

taught to regard it, not as the scene of our rest, but as the period allotted for our preparation for the life to come, under the gracious discipline which is seen by Infinite Wisdom to be needful for us, we shall see no cause to desire the abridgement of it. On the contrary, such should feel, with peculiar force, its tender ties and sacred obligations, and desire that they may be enabled, as long as it seemeth Him good, to cultivate the one and fulfil the other. The more this desire prevails in the heart and operates on our daily conduct, the more, I believe, we shall find that as much real happiness is provided for us below, as is consistent with a state of probation, and that the trials of life, dispensed in one way or other to all, will be sanctified to the soul's lasting benefit, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

1840, *First Month, 2nd.* Our beloved M. is at Ipswich; the two at home are nice companions to me. May the Lord keep these sweet and pleasant plants, and prune and water them by his good Spirit! Attention to them in their vacation time, bodily indisposition, and my dear husband's necessary absence, point out the propriety of our religious engagements being suspended for a while. There have been two meetings since the one last mentioned, viz: a second at Winchmore Hill, a week after the former, and one in a small Wesleyan meeting-house at Clapton. I have also been with our dear friends, E. J. Fry, and S. Corder, to visit the Clerkenwell prison, — a mournful, but deeply interesting and affecting labour; yet, I cannot but believe, a work that will be blessed to those who have ability to engage in it, and surely,

in accordance with the precepts and example of our dear Redeemer, who came "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Some of the poor inmates of this receptacle for the untried showed much sensibility, both during the reading of the Scriptures, and afterwards, when they were invited to turn from their evil doings, and, through repentance and faith in Christ, to experience the sweetness and the freeness of his pardoning love and mercy. But oh! the thraldom into which the enemy of souls brings those, who, it is to be feared, have become his willing captives, and the difficulty there is, in attempting to retrace their steps. Yet the power of our Lord Jesus Christ is above the power of Satan, and He can take the prey from the mighty. Even so may it be, through the richness of his grace!

19*th*. This afternoon, we have been at a meeting, in a large commodious room, fitted up very nicely for the purpose. Our dear friends at Tottenham are greatly disposed to do what they can for the furtherance of this service, and very cheerfully lend their valuable aid. A large number of poor people were met together on this occasion, and were very quiet and attentive. Some renewed ability was afforded to proclaim the gospel tidings, and to invite poor sinners to look in faith upon "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world;" as well as to point out the danger of false dependence, and the inutility of a profession without the real heart work,—the thorough and saving change, which must be wrought *in the soul* by the power of the Holy Spirit. I think

it was a solemn and searching season. Those who are acquainted with the people tell us, there were many of the most careless and dissolute, several who have been under imprisonment for offences against the law. Oh! how the compassionate Saviour of men pleads with the rebellious, and seeks, by the visitations of his mercy, the wandering ones.

28*th*. Our meeting, last First-day morning, was, I thought, a time of some sweet refreshment in silence, though my mind was brought low, in the prospect of what awaited us in the evening. The day was most stormy and unfavourable, but it cleared up before the time for meeting, in the evening. The attendance was much larger than we expected. The sight of such a number of poor men and women, coming in to sit down with us in our own meeting-house, many of them, probably, such as go very little to places of worship, was interesting and affecting, in no small degree. A sweet and solemn stillness covered us from the first, and great decorum prevailed. The parable of the great man, who made a feast and invited his guests, sending forth his servants with the message, "All things are ready," was brought with some freshness and in a lively manner to my remembrance; and after a short time of silence, I ventured to stand up and speak a little of the freeness of the gospel invitation, and of the willingness of men to make excuses. Matter continued to open, and I trust it may be said, there was the renewed extending of the crook of the Heavenly Shepherd, who follows the wanderers, and would gather them all into the fold of his love. The company were deeply attentive and

serious in their deportment; and the meeting ended with supplication to the Lord, on behalf of different conditions that might be present. Some of our hearts were, I believe, humbled in gratitude for these renewed proofs of divine condescension. Oh! how great is the strength and comfort, of being surrounded, on these occasions, by dear friends whom we not only cordially esteem and love, but whose spirits are brought into a deep and true exercise before the Lord, that his name alone may be exalted, and that He would be pleased to bless us together. Another meeting is appointed for this evening, in the Lancasterian school-room.

Second Month, 26th. Another vacancy in my journal, during which many things have transpired. Intelligence of the death of dear Charles Wheeler, in France, and a touching request from Sarah that we would, if possible, meet them at Southampton where it was their intention to inter the remains, induced us to go thither on the 18th inst. We found our dear friends at the Dolphin Inn, where they had arrived that morning from Havre, after a tossing passage,—Daniel Wheeler, his son and daughter. The interment took place on the 19th, before meeting. A very precious and solemn covering was permitted at the grave, in the meeting, and during the remainder of the day, in which there was a sustaining sense of the tender mercy of the Lord, who had so remarkably carried on and completed his own work in the soul of the dear departed, strengthened his affectionate attendants for their cup of trial and for the labourious *duties of* prolonged watching, and who now continued

to be near as their unfailing helper. It was a tendering season, and we felt it a privilege to share with them, though it was some effort to go.

Yesterday our dear friend Daniel Wheeler and his three children dined at our house, — greatly to be sympathised with under their affecting circumstances. We had an interesting season together before we parted, in which the sense of our heavenly Father's love and of his tender care for his people were sweetly felt.

Third Month, 7th. We have felt some attraction to the meetings of Friends in London, and it is likely we shall endeavour to get to some of these during the present month, the lengthening days enabling us to do it, without absenting ourselves long from our dear children, the right care of whom is a duty that cannot be safely neglected. Last Fifth-day and the day previous, were a time of close exercise to me, from the pressure of a concern which, though not now presented to my mind for the first time, was brought home to it, in a way that made me anxious and thoughtful, in no small degree. It was, to pay a visit (if that were admissible) to the Meeting for Sufferings, to be held the next day. I had never heard of such a visit from one who was not a member of it, and wished to mention it to no one, till I felt quite satisfied that such a step was necessary to my own peace of mind; as I was ready to think it would pass away, and prove only the awakening of an interest that might be profitably cherished in secret, but which needed not a public expression. Towards the close of the day, however, I felt that shutting it up in my

own breast would not do, and on speaking to my kind and sympathizing husband, he encouraged me to believe it was practicable, and by no means contrary to right order; though there might not be any precedent for such a visit. It was indeed a very weighty thing to me, but the affectionate sympathy of our dear friends here, in the station of elder, was very comforting and strengthening. I think we may say, some precious solemnity and a sense of the uniting love of Christ attended our minds, and that which I apprehended to be the exercise was delivered under a humbling feeling of the Lord's continued goodness to his people. I returned home immediately, and I trust, gratitude to the Lord was the covering of my spirit; though the enemy has great store of weapons, and knows how to use them upon the frail and feeble instrument, both before and after every service; but it is an unspeakable favour, to know something of that precious quiet in which his power is felt to be limited, and some ability is granted, to leave the past and the future in the hands of a compassionate Lord, who does not send us on a warfare at our own charges, but supplies every need from the inexhaustible treasury of his grace.

22*nd*. At Southwark meeting; where I think we were permitted to know something of a time of refreshing together, amidst the sense of our low condition individually, and as a people. We had our three dear boys with us. We endeavour, as much as possible, to take them with us on these occasions, and find it very satisfactory so to do. The consciousness *that they are* not left at home, to do as they can

whilst we are absent, is helpful to our minds, and the pleasure of having their company great; whilst their hearts expand with love and enjoyment, in going anywhere with their parents.

27*th*. My mind to-day in a quiet, peaceful frame, though covered with an awful sense of the responsibility resting upon those who are made use of to convey the word of exhortation to others, and to set forth the way of life and salvation. The time may come—oh, may I profitably bear this in mind!—when there must be a practical exhibition of that patience under severe trials which is the duty of the Christian, and when active service may give place to passive and secret suffering; when there must be a yet more full and personal proving of the efficacy of those supports and consolations which have been held up as the privilege of the true believer in Christ. Oh! that the Holy Spirit may work so effectually in my soul that there may be something of that experience spoken of by an apostle, when he said, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content," and that a true submission to the will of God may be wrought, so that, whilst He is pleased in any way to call for public labour, there may be the ready obedience of faith; and when He may see meet to lay aside the unworthy instrument and to turn his hand upon it in another sort of discipline, there may be the full acknowledgment of his perfect right to do what He will and by whom He will, and a capacity felt to rejoice in his continued goodness to his people! "One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts,"

CHAPTER VII.

1840, *Fourth Month, 20th.* Very peaceful feelings have attended my mind since the return of our certificate, and ability has been granted, sweetly to enjoy the comforts of home, the society of my precious children and the repose, of which the poor body stands greatly in need. The sense of exhaustion is considerable, but with it, there is some renewed ability, to commit all into the Lord's hand, and that language has, at times, been prevalent: "Return unto thy rest, O my soul! for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Precious, however, as is that quiet, which the Lord knows how to bestow upon his unworthy children, I have not been insensible of the necessity of maintaining the warfare, and that even in times of allowable rest, the christian soldier must not let fall his weapons: self-will needs to be mortified, and rises, in one shape or other, against the duties of the day. We have had many unexpected engagements, the last few days; and I have found it difficult to maintain all the cheerfulness and right spirit I could wish, feeling so much inclined to entire quiet, and desirous of a little thorough settlement with my dear husband and children. But, to be found at our post, under the *varying* circumstances of life, is the thing. The man *would make* a poor soldier, who, when he had got

through one duty, should stipulate for a certain quantity of rest, before he entered on the performance of another. We must not choose for ourselves; much less, seek to indulge our love of ease. I often wish for more of that spirit which should enable me to fulfil the common-place and ordinary duties of life, as to the Lord, and not to men.

I am persuaded, the more we can cherish the feeling implied in those words of the apostle, "Ye are not your own," the more thoroughly we should enjoy the privileges that belong to the enlarged sphere of the christian, who may always find matter for instruction, and stimulus to gratitude, if his heart is really filled with the love of Christ. It is good to be permitted to minister, in outward things, to any of those for whom He has so displayed his wonderful love that He died for them; much more, to give but a cup of cold water to a disciple, in the name of a disciple. The Lord Jesus came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Oh! for more of the mind that was in Him.

Last Seventh-day, my beloved J.'s birthday. I helped him to stock his little garden with flowers, and this pleased him more than if we had sought a costly treat for him. The delights of children are simple, and their hearts expand to the proofs of love and kindness, however trifling they may be. All nature wears the joyful garb of spring, and the garden looks very inviting; had a walk in it this morning, before breakfast, with my dear S. F.

"HINDER ME NOT!"

Traveller! whither away so fast?
The break of morn is scarcely past;
Thou hast hours enough before thee yet
To reach thy goal ere yon sun be set;
Regions of beauty around thee lie,
Pass them not unheeded by.

Stranger! mark well that orb on high;
Far it hath climb'd the clear blue sky
Since first it rose on my eager sight,
Bathing yon hills in a flood of light:
Short is the distance I've come, and soon
That sun will have gain'd the height of noon.

Traveller! cast one glance around:
Where'er thou shalt turn, 'tis fairy ground.
Rest thee a while in these shadowing bowers,
'Mid the music of birds and the perfume of flowers;
Visions of gladness around thee shall play,
Thy journey is toilsome and thorny thy way.

Stranger! my journey is toilsome, 'tis true,
But its glorious end I have ever in view;
No charms of this earth for one moment compare
With the mansions of mercy prepared for us there;
Then tell me no more of the shade of these bowers,
Of the richness of fruits, of the fragrance of flowers.

I may not thus linger.—yon sun, how he gains!
His meridian heat he already attains;
He will quickly descend, and the cloud-curtain'd west,
Array'd in new splendours, receive him to rest;
I must speed with the ardour of faith and of love,
My rest is on high, my best home is above.

Eighth Month, 7th. This evening my dear husband brought me the intelligence that he was nominated at the "Meeting for Sufferings" to accompany several other friends going, by appointment, to visit those professing with us in the South of France. My small measure seemed pretty full before; but I dare not offer a word of discouragement. So great is the call for humble gratitude in his restoration to health, and so strong have been my desires that we may be more fully devoted to the Lord's will in all things, that it would ill become me to murmur now. I saw the thing had taken hold of his mind: indeed, I believe the prospect was not new to him, though circumstances had appeared to render it improbable that he could make one of this deputation. I desire, if he do go, to commit him into the tender care and keeping of a good and gracious Master, who can strengthen him every way for his work and service.

Tottenham, Ninth Month, 15th, 1840.

.....This sheet will, I hope, await thy arrival in Paris. What a delightful thought! but my mind shrinks from the long and continuous journey that is to bring thee there. Remember that you have bodies as well as minds, and that when you get to London, new claims will press upon you, in a very different atmosphere from that you have lately breathed. I dearly love my native country, and think I am, in some degree, prepared to say, with Cowper,

"I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines:"—

because we have many rich blessings and privileges, to set against the comparative disadvantages of climate; but I confess, your description of the unclouded sunshine, the delicious air and the clear sky, with the animating effects they produce on the frame, does almost make me long to taste it; or at least, renders me somewhat more sensible of the damp chilliness and sombre shade we now experience. However, though it is so different just at present, we have had very lovely weather, and, last week, were ready to think it could not be much more so, even in the south of France. What a fine country France must be! Oh! when shall her moral atmosphere bear any resemblance to the natural, — when shall the eyes of her people generally (as well as of our own) be divinely opened to behold Him,

> "Who, retired
> Behind his own creation, works unseen
> By the impure, and hears his power denied."

Well! so long as there is ecclesiastical domination, I am inclined to think there will be infidelity, and that perhaps, in proportion to the extent of this domination and the power of its influence. Is it not so? Surely the call is as great now as ever it was to our little Society, few in number as we are, to maintain our testimony to the purity, the simplicity, the freeness and the spirituality of the Gospel.

Ninth Month, 30th. Having now the unspeakable comfort of my dear husband's company, I feel bound to record my grateful sense of the Lord's multiplied *mercies to* us both. He is returned in comfortable *health,* and, what is more, under a peaceful feeling of

the help afforded in the prosecution of their engagement, and the preservations experienced throughout their long journey.

Twelfth Month, 8th. My mind is often deeply affected with the awfulness of the consideration, that life is fast hastening away, and the period rapidly approaching when there must be a full realization of those solemn truths which have so often been held up before the view of others; and, under such feelings, the desire is raised that there may be an increase of that true and living faith which only can enable us to grasp, as it were, the great realities which affect the interests of the immortal soul,—that there may be the daily and hourly application for this,—for ability to look beyond the things that are seen and are temporal, to those that are not seen and are eternal. How would this cure us of petty anxieties, and cause the trifles that are so apt to draw on our attention and ruffle our tranquility here to be swallowed up in the all-important object of being made meet for an inheritance with the saints in light, and in the constant endeavour, through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called! But it is indeed a warfare!—many evil thoughts and evil passions to struggle with, and the enemy pressing hard to wrest the weapons from a feeble hand. But whence arises our feebleness?—not because there is not an ample supply of strength for all who are willing rightly to seek and faithfully to use it, but because our treacherous hearts do so often parley with the tempter, and because we do not flee at once to the only place of refuge where his arrows would be spent in vain.

1841, *Second Month, 23rd.* The condition of the poor in the neighbourhood of London is very affecting. Such dense masses of misery as we have no idea of in the country, where wages are a great deal lower. The high price of labour in London and the neighbourhood does not seem to produce those results which should naturally flow from it. It is too much the habit of the working-classes to spend what they get, whether less or more; and the high rate of wages induces such multitudes to crowd together where there is any hope of obtaining them, that there are, after all, large numbers wholly unemployed. The high rents and the price of provisions must also be taken into account, with the demoralizing effect of that mixed and crowded state in which they live. How I long that our Society, small as are its numbers comparatively, could in some way or other find, consistently with its principles, a mode of exerting a more direct and powerful influence upon the moral and spiritual condition of the poor in London! Friends are very liberal to their poor neighbours, and in much of what is done they are active and useful; but is there not still a work for which our Society is peculiarly fitted,—an extensive field of labour? May the Lord prepare and direct the labourers!

Third Month, 10th. Since the last date, a visit has been paid to the young Friends in Stoke Newington meeting, similar to the one here and at Plaistow. It has been an engagement, in the prospect of which and often in the accomplishment, faith has been closely proved; but there is much cause, thankfully to acknowledge the help mercifully afforded, and the quiet,

peaceful covering that has attended the conclusion of the service. I think my heart is humbled, under the fresh sense of the Lord's goodness to his unworthy servants, and in the belief that, discouraging as are present appearances in many cases, He is still mindful of us,—still seeks to bless us, and would fulfil, even to our poor Society, his own promise, (if the work be not marred upon the wheel through impatience or the want of true submission,) that "instead of thy fathers there shall be thy children."

I have felt desirous, on reperusing these memoranda, that if they should hereafter be read by my dear children (on whose account, principally, I have felt restrained from destroying them) they may not be discouraged by the somewhat mournful strain of many of the pages. They will not forget the happy days of social and domestic enjoyment passed in their early years under the parental roof, and will, I trust, feel that, although the trials of life are many, and those who would walk in the divine fear must have their secret provings of faith and patience, yet the Christian who seeks to regulate his desires and to know them restrained by the Spirit of Truth has his full share of happiness even here. Their hearts will remind them that their dear parents were permitted, amidst many exercises of which they could then form little idea, to take much comfort and pleasure in the society of their children, and to partake, with a true zest, in their recreations and gratifications. And though, from continued delicacy of health, their mother was at one period much disqualified for some kinds of active exertion, (and no doubt the mind partook, in degree, of the weakness of the body,) yet this

very circumstance made her more their companion and more intimately a participator in their pursuits and feelings. So that I sometimes think few families have been more favoured in true happiness or the endearing confidence that may subsist between parents and children.

27*th*. Felt this morning, on first waking, comfort in the consideration that the Christian religion is a religion of hope, and that it is the merciful design of the great Head of the Church that we should cherish hope both as respects ourselves and others. The discouraging views some religious and devoted people seem to think they are called upon continually to hold up, do not appear to me calculated to help themselves or the body. I have often been instructed in observing how little the first preachers of Christianity dwelt on their own trials,—on the contrary, how they endeavoured constantly to stimulate those to whom they wrote, to look towards the one great object of faith and hope, and, so looking, to press toward the mark for the prize of their high calling. That discouragements abound we cannot doubt; and they will thicken upon us in every direction if we are always poring over and magnifiying them. Oh for more of the lively and efficacious faith that can remove mountains! for more of the spirit of love and of a sound mind!

To a Son.

Third Month, 31st, 1841.

My dear M.:—

Though I had scarcely any opportunity yesterday *of talking to thee* about the book thou hast so kindly

sent me, I wish thee to know I was much gratified by this proof of thy love and thy remembrance of my birthday. I believe it is good for us to cherish these feelings one towards another, and very precious to the heart of a parent is the love and sympathy of dutiful children. Birthdays have now a very solemn aspect to me, seeing so many have passed away, and every one brings me nearer to the end of all things here. Not that I wish to look with gloomy feelings towards the end, but to be seriously impressed with the importance of being found, whenever it may come, in a state of readiness. In this respect, I desire to have not only the tender love and remembrance, but the prayers, of my dear children, that the Lord, in his mercy, would be pleased to make me and to keep me ready for the summons.

We are abundantly blessed, my dear child, in the love one of another, as a family; and I hope we shall bear in mind that the way for this love to flourish and to grow continually is for each to seek after the help of the Holy Spirit, that we may be going on in our several duties with diligence and in the fear of the Lord, and may have the love of Christ daily renewed in our hearts. If we truly love Him, we shall love each other for his sake, as well as for the tender relation that subsists between us; and so our natural love will be heightened and made perfect, lasting beyond the short period of our life here below.....

Sixth Month, 2nd. The Yearly Meeting is over, and has proved to many a season of some renewal of faith. To myself, a time of humiliation and instruc-

tion.* May I not say, "I was brought low, and the Lord helped me"? The uniting love that was permitted to prevail amongst Friends, and the solemn covering spread at times over the meetings, affording renewed evidence that the mercy of the Lord is yet towards us as a people. Many interesting memorials by which those who have ceased from their labours amongst us were sweetly brought into view, and some capacity was felt to rejoice in the belief that they are now receiving the end of their faith, and are, though absent from the body, forever present with the Lord. For the many favours and privileges of the last two weeks may we be humbly thankful, and continually remember from whose hand they come! Every fresh feeling of love, hope, or confidence is from "the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort," whose is the power, and to whom belongs now and evermore the glory.

Seventh Month, 11*th*. The last two weeks have been a season of deep trial to my dear husband and myself. Our beloved J., whilst at play with some young friends, received the stroke of an arrow on the right eye, and the injury is such as to make us apprehensive of the loss of the sight. For some days, much hope was entertained that it would not prove serious, but the opinion of the surgeons now is, that we cannot calculate on his retaining much, if any, useful vision, in the injured eye. This is very affecting to our hearts; and we regard it as a solemn call to us from the Lord, who "doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the child-

* *On this* occasion M. F. first acted in the capacity of clerk to the *Yearly Meeting of* Women Friends.

ren of men." How many are the thoughts and feelings that fill the heart of a parent under such a circumstance! Sometimes, my mind seems almost overpowered by them, but at other times, a calm and confiding sense of the merciful kindness and unfailing compassion of our Father in heaven is sweetly prevalent, and there seems some ability to kiss the rod, and to acknowledge his undoubted right to deal, as it pleaseth Him, with us and ours, to commit this dear child into the Lord's hand, who can supply all his need, spiritually as well as naturally.

Twelfth Month, 9th. My heart often yearns over our dear young people, in the desire they might know an establishment in the Truth, be brought under the yoke of Christ, taught and led by his Spirit, and be made to know experimentally what it is to follow Him in the regeneration. The enemy has many snares for such; not a few in the present day of the most specious kind. Yet there is but one way, and that the good old way, to the heavenly kingdom. "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life." Man stumbles at this, and would fain enlarge both the entrance and the path. How many of those amongst us who were preciously visited of the Lord, and who would, I fully believe, if they had remained patiently under his hand, have been prepared for greater usefulness, have turned aside into some other track and not only caused, but suffered, loss! The prospect is discouraging, if we look around for those who are to take up the work and burden of the day when the present burden-bearers shall be removed; but in seasons of depres-

sion, when such thoughts present themselves, my mind is often comforted in the belief that the Lord will not forsake his own work, but that He will yet raise up and qualify those who shall maintain the testimony He hath given us to bear; and who, by submitting to the humbling work of the Spirit, shall be made living witnesses of his power. "One generation shall praise thy works to another and shall declare thy mighty acts."

The aspect of the religious world is gloomy, at least it appears so to me, wheresoever we turn our attention. Professing Christians violent in the defence of their several creeds, but slack in their general practice,—more anxious to maintain the pre-eminence of this or that particular sect than to adorn the doctrines they profess, by a consistent, humble, and selfdenying walk amongst men. Popery everywhere lifting its head,—the Established Church of this country receding fast towards its multiplied corruptions, from which she was never thoroughly emancipated, having retained as much of the old leaven as may yet work a more complete assimilation and drive her to make common cause with the Romish priesthood rather than quit her hold on the temporal honours and emoluments she has long enjoyed. All this looks discouraging. Surely there is as much reason now as ever for those who are Protestants indeed to look well to their standing; especially for the members of our Society to see that they have their loins girded about and their lights burning. Whatever may be the overturnings that may yet be permitted in the visible *church*,—whatever the power given for a time, in the *unsearchable* counsels of the divine will, to the beast

and to those who have received his mark and the number of his name, I do believe the Lord has a work for us as a people, and that in doing or in suffering, according to his holy will, the language to us is, "Be thou faithful unto death." Give it unto us, O Lord, we beseech thee, and to our precious children, so to appreciate the value of those truths we have been taught, as that we may "hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering" in every day of trial, and may know for ourselves the truth of that blessed declaration, "They that know thy name will put their trust in thee; for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee."

16*th*. What can be more important or interesting to the feelings of a parent than the right training of children? The sense of my own weakness is often discouraging. May I seek earnestly for help where alone it is to be found, remembering the Scripture exhortation to those who lack wisdom! (James i. 5) We live in an age of theories. Many plans are proposed for the help of those to whom the great business of education is intrusted, and all valuable counsel should be received with the consideration it demands; but I often think the main thing is a steady, consistent endeavour to exhibit in the view of the young the *practical* illustration of the principles and precepts of Christianity.

My mind is often affected in the remembrance of the pious example of my dear parents,—how their daily conduct gave evidence not only of their faith in, but of their desire to obey, the gospel. In the every-day concerns of life, in the management of business,

in the regulation of their family, in the social relations, as well as in the higher duties of religion, seeking, in humility and watchfulness, to live according to the commands of Him who said, "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven." They held up the Christian standard by the most powerful of all preaching; and now, when years have elapsed and many of their oral instructions are, as to the letter of them, passed away, the mind loves to recur to their actions, and oftentimes to say within itself, "What would my dear father or mother have done in this or that case?" The golden rule, as it is called,—to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, and the command to love our neighbour as ourselves, were often alluded to by my father, when his own interest and that of another came into any thing like competition; and though my mother would sometimes pleasantly remind him, when she thought his disinterestedness was in some danger of exceeding the just limit, that the Scripture did not say we should love our neighbour *better* than ourselves, yet she was, like a faithful helpmeet, ever ready to sustain and forward the Christian benevolence of his feeling heart, and, by judicious economy in her own department, to enlarge his means of usefulness to others.

I write not this to praise *them*, but as a testimony to the grace that shone forth in their example. "The path of the just is as the shining light;" and when these have been permitted, through infinite mercy, to *attain to* the perfect day, and are forever at rest with *their Saviour*, whom they loved and sought to follow

here below, the track by which they trod through this valley of tears is still bright, and the contemplation of it is animating and instructive.

1842, *First Month, 24th.* At our Spring Quarterly Meeting at Poole, in the year 1823, my mouth was first opened in public ministry with these words only:—"How great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee, for them that hope in thy mercy!" The sweet calm that overspread my spirit, after the utterance of them, no language can describe. Such a tendering sense of the Lord's mercy as effectually cast out for the time all reasoning continued with me through the day and for some time afterwards. Years of discipline and baptisms of spirit, known to no one but myself, preceded this surrender. To my natural feelings such a thing seemed impossible; but at length, after enduring for a long season and in different ways the chastening rod, the Lord was pleased to show me, that which is impossible with men is possible with God, and to give me such a sense of his love and such a portion of sweet peace in the performance of his will, as I have never dared to deny in the many seasons of proving and temptation that have since been experienced.

For some time after this the offerings of a like kind were not frequent, and usually a text of Scripture only; but, as the desire was kept alive to be subject to the Lord's forming hand, openings were gradually enlarged, and, in the year 1825, Friends of Poole and Southampton Monthly Meeting thought it right to express their unity by a record on their books. It was not my lot to have much human help at that period;

not many near whose station in the church was likely to lead them to extend either counsel or encouragement; and such was the difficulty I felt in speaking any thing of my own exercises that even my affectionate sister, whose care for me was almost maternal, was but little acquainted with them. Some of this excessive delicacy (as we love to call it) might be, I believe, the result of pride and of secret unwillingness to be as a fool for Christ's sake, and it probably did, at times, deprive me of the judicious advice of those more experienced; but I am ready to think it is, on the whole, safer than seeking after much communication. The Lord is very tender and compassionate towards those whom He is pleased to lead in the path of gospel obedience. If the eye be directed to Him in the watchful desire to know his will, He will not fail to apply both his correcting and supporting hand; nevertheless, I have ever esteemed it an especial privilege to those who are called to speak in public to have the care and counsel of their friends extended to them. Before this trial of my own faith, I was permitted to see the danger of those who exercise a gift in the ministry looking too much for the expression of unity or commendation; and now the Lord was pleased to show me that such a course would be eminently unsafe for me. Throughout the whole course of my small experience I have ever found it needful to be very guarded in this matter. The unity of those who have judgment, and whose office it peculiarly is to extend help to the poor ministers in whatever way they may see it to be needful, has always been very precious to me, *and there have* been seasons when the judicious, well-*timed expression* of it has been indescribably helpful

to a mind peculiarly open to the assaults of unbelief and, at seasons, sorely buffeted of Satan. So that I cannot help earnestly desiring that our dear friends in the station of Elder may be found discharging the important trust committed to them, whether in the way of encouragement or of counsel. Their burden and exercise is of vast importance to the vital welfare of the body.

The ministry, as it is recognised among Friends, is so unshackled,—such liberty is given for the exercise of the gift bestowed,—so extensive the field that lies open to the gospel labourer, both within and without our own pale, and so varied the services to which such may be called, that it is peculiarly important that all the means that can be employed for the help and instruction of these should be brought into exercise. Many young ministers (perhaps older ones also) do, I believe, suffer greatly for want of timely counsel. It is a subject I desire to touch with delicacy and with a feeling sense of my own liability to err; but surely it is one of great moment to the well-being of our Society, seeing that, however excellent the gift or evident the anointing, human instruments are weak and fallible,—have the treasure in earthen vessels, and are constantly liable to receive a bias from a variety of causes and circumstances. The constitution of our Society appears to me excellent, I had almost said perfect, in this matter. May it be acted upon and carried out with faithfulness,—in simplicity and godly sincerity, and then fruit will be found to the praise and glory of Him who is the Head over all things to his church. It is an awful thing for ministers to set their own

feelings above the care of their friends or the judgment of the church. These should remember that the various members of the body have not all the same office, but that the Lord hath tempered them together as it hath pleased Him, so that "the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee, nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you." They are for the help and comfort of one another, that the functions of the whole may be healthfully performed, and whilst we must not in any degree diminish the importance of ministers looking with a single eye to their heavenly Leader and Guide, remembering the declaration of our Lord, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren," they must bear in mind that, whilst to one is committed the gift of prophecy or preaching, to another is given the discerning of spirits, and that it is the Lord's will that his people should be subject one to another, that all may learn and all may be comforted.

I sometimes think the ground of the different and even opposite errors into which some have fallen who have occupied conspicuous stations amongst us, both in this country and in America, whereby so much suffering has been brought upon the Society, may have been a departure from true humility. But where is humility to be looked for, if not amongst those who are the professed followers of Jesus, and who believe themselves called to a ministry which is pre-eminently the work of the Spirit!

Second Month, 12th. I desire thankfully to acknowledge the degree of quiet (may I not say confiding) *trust that has* been granted since the last memorandum

was made,—some fresh sense of the love and mercy of my heavenly Father, and belief that He will lay upon me nothing which He will not give strength to bear, if humbly sought unto. Oh, how my soul longs for that entire submission which can leave all in his hand, trusting Him not only as to the infinite wisdom, but the perfect love in which He deals with his poor unworthy children; apportioning the discipline just as He sees it to be needful, regulating the furnace, and enabling those who give themselves up unto Him to glorify Him in all the dispensations of his rod! So be pleased, O Lord! to work in my soul, through the power of the Holy Spirit, and give me faith and patience, for thy dear Son's sake.

Second Month, 15th. Stand by the cross, is an intimation which at different times, in days past and more recently, seems to have been secretly sounded as a watchword in my spiritual ear. Does it not convey instruction of a twofold character as well as encouragement? Where can a trembling soul, humbled under a sense of its own vileness, multiplied transgressions and utter helplessness, find refuge from the assaults of Satan, but in that great sacrifice once made upon the cross for the sins of all mankind?—where but in such a Saviour look for pardon, reconciliation, and acceptance? Therefore by his cross I would humbly desire ever to be found; looking with an eye of faith to Him, as the Lamb of God, "who was delivered for our offences and was raised again for our justification;" and would say with a christian poet, in times of temptation and trial,

" Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee, for rest.
Be Thou my shield and hiding place!
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him,—*Thou hast died.*

But there is another sense in which it is important to keep in mind the necessity of standing constantly by the cross. They to whom much has been forgiven should love much, and should be found, not only in the posture of humble suppliants crying for mercy where alone they can hope to receive it, but also as those who patiently wait the bidding of their Lord. They should be willing to take up the daily cross in such a way as He may see meet to appoint or permit; not choosing their own ways, much less their own services, but desiring that their wills may be conformed to his will, and that they may be strengthened to do or to suffer as He sees best for them. Oh, it is indeed a blessed thing to stand by the cross; but how prone is nature to shrink from this, acknowledging the duty and the reasonableness of it in general, but flinching and pleading when it is pressed home! Only the grace that has been displayed for our deliverance can bind us to this place of true safety.

LETTER TO —— ——.

Third Month, 9th.....It is a great favour, to be permitted to see any evidences of a good work going on in those who are growing up into manhood; but let *us ever bear* in mind, my dear friend, that this work

of the Holy Spirit on the soul, is one of peculiar delicacy, and I believe, it is highly dangerous for those who are in any degree the subjects of it, to be drawn out too early into much expression about it, and that it has a tendency to promote that superficial sort of religion which is so prevalent in the present day. It is not rapid growth, but substantial, sober experience, that is to form the steady and consistent christian; and this is a gradual, and, where it proceeds most surely, oftentimes a secret process. Not that I would undervalue the comforts and advantages of christian intercourse, between those tenderly interested for each other's best welfare, but I believe, in early life, a guard is sometimes salutary, even here.

Thou desirest me to tell thee what I think of dear E. J. Fry's dining at the Mansion-House. I can only say that it has never appeared to me right to judge her conduct in this matter without hearing her reasons for so doing, as I fear some have done. There is no doubt she considered the subject before accepting the invitation, and apprehended it would be in the way of her duty to accept it; and here, I think, we may leave it. Her line of service has long been peculiar, and He whom she desires to serve has kept her in many perils and in many adversities too. I do not envy those whose zeal on this occasion has outrun their charity, but would rather desire that we may all be kept in our individual spheres of duty, in true watchfulness and humility; looking singly unto Him who can preserve those who fear Him, in whatever circumstances He may be pleased to call them into.....

Fourth Month, 19th. A long winter, naturally and spiritually. The spring is very cold, and vegetation, kept back by the northeast wind which has prevailed for some time, makes very little advance. Still, the buds are putting forth from the branches, and seem to be only waiting a change of temperature to clothe them with verdure and beauty. Nor do we doubt that in due time it will be so; that the sun will break through the clouds, a softer wind will blow, the fertilizing showers will fall, and the operations of nature be carried forward by that great and good Hand which works unseen, but nevertheless perfects the purposes of a gracious providence for the good of His creatures. May we not take a lesson from this, and learn to have more confidence when the present aspect of things may be discouraging? If we had more faith, or were willing rightly to exercise the little we have, how it would enable us to look up, under all changes of season, to Him who only can help us! And, with such a true dependence renewed from day to day, we should surely find the work of grace progressing secretly, whether in bright or in dark seasons. What a precious sense of the Lord's mercy to His people was in the mind of the prophet, and what faith too, when he was enabled to say, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Fifth Month, 6th. Came home from Gravesend. *The weather* was fine, the air salubrious, and the

country at this season beautiful. Many nice rambles I had with my dear J. in the shady lanes, where we could enjoy the sweet songs of the birds, or on the more elevated spots, from whence we could trace the windings of the noble river, bearing on its bosom vessels of various size and sort, bound on errands as various. One very painful part of our view, was the embarkation of troops for India. Heart-sickening it was to us, to see these poor men marched into the place and put on board the transports that were waiting to convey them;—torn from their friends and native country, to endure and to inflict suffering, and with little prospect of return; most of the men who are thus sent, falling victims to the climate, if they do not fall by the sword. Alas, for Britain! exercising her sway over so large a portion of the earth; professing the religion of Christ, and outraging, in her misguided policy, the precepts of his pure and peaceable gospel. When shall its benignant spirit be more universally diffused, and the inhabitants of the earth learn to love and succour, instead of envying and destroying one another?

Fifth Month, 31*st*. Since the last date I have had little opportunity for writing. On the 13th our friends began to arrive for the attendance of the Yearly Meeting. It has been a season of instruction and of renewed favour, though not without its mixture. To ourselves it has been marked by some provings of faith as well as some fresh evidence of the Lord's condescending goodness to his poor unworthy children: this ought to make us more humble and more confiding. The desire was felt in the com-

mencement, under a sense of great weakness and unprofitableness, that we might be made subject to the Lord's will, and a prayer raised for something of the mind that was in our dear Redeemer, who made Himself of no reputation; and now, when that which was as a mountain in prospect is passed over, I desire to seek the quiet habitation, and to abide under the shadow of the Rock to which the poor soul may flee and find safety, that so the enemy may not gain the advantage. He is not wanting in contrivances to rob us, if he can, of our true peace; but there is a retreat from his attacks, and—blessed be the Lord!—the feeblest may take refuge there.

> "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee!"

We have enjoyed many social as well as religious privileges during the last two weeks; have shared the company of dear and valued friends, with some of whom we have taken sweet counsel. Our dear cousin E. Seebohm was one of our guests, and her society a great comfort to me. We felt the preciousness of unity, and, under much sense of our own weakness, esteemed it a privilege to do the little we could in the responsible situation in which our friends saw it right to place us. The meetings for worship were, some of them, very large, and owned, I trust it may be said, with a degree of solemnity; though I cannot but think we often suffer loss on these occasions by the withholding of some of the Lord's deeply-exercised *and gifted* servants, and the too great promptness of *those of smaller* experience to express that which

perhaps might have been safely dwelt upon in private. Much sympathy is nevertheless due to those who have feeling minds, and who, in the honest desire to be found faithful, do not always clearly see where they might safely refrain from communication. And when we consider the freedom which is given to the ministry in our Society, the number collected, and the interest felt, with the infirmities and fallibility of the instruments, it is perhaps only surprising that we have so little of what might be characterized as incongruous or out of true gospel order.

To a Son.

TOTTENHAM, Sixth Month, 6th, 1842.

MY DEAR S. :—

I am desirous of writing thee a line to express my good wishes for thee on thy birthday. It is an interesting day to us and an important one to thyself. May the best blessings attend thee, my precious child! and may every year, as it passes, leave traces of thy improvement, not only in those acquirements which it is thy present duty to endeavour industriously to make, but in what is of still higher moment,—thy gradual preparation for a better and more enduring life. Thou knowest well, my dear S., the present life will soon pass away; and the one important business of it is to seek for that pardoning love and preserving grace which are so mercifully offered us in the gospel. This must not be an occasional thing, but a constant, abiding concern, leading us to a watchful fear of doing any thing that will be displeasing to our heavenly Father. *I long* for thee to be kept daily and hourly

in this holy fear, and that thou mayst experience it to be, as the Scripture expresses it, "a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death." .....

Seventh Month, 19th. I often think that those who have much of this world's gratification within their reach have a strong claim on our sympathy; and I wish to bear in mind, that if similar temptations had been presented to me, I should probably have indulged far too much in them. Man is narrow and contracted in his judgment, and often censures those whose conduct is perhaps much more circumspect than his own would have been in like circumstances, whilst his self-love leads him to take merit to himself for restraints which, after all, have perhaps been chiefly imposed upon him by circumstances. But the Great Searcher of hearts discerns all the hidden springs of action, and can estimate fully the temptations of all. May He make us more alive to our own short-comings and give us the spirit of heavenly charity one towards another!— not a spirit of indolence that would make us indifferent to what concerns the best welfare one of another, but that genuine Christian love which "seeketh not her own," and which, as it is fixed on Him who is the great and glorious object of it, will expand the heart in benevolent affections towards his great family, and enable us to sympathise not only with the sorrows and sufferings, but with the temptations, of those around us. Such a spirit would effectually drive out an envious or censorious disposition, which often lies at the root (though it may be unperceived by its possessor) where there is an inclination to *judge those* who occupy a higher sphere than ourselves,

22nd. The distresses of the poor in the manufacturing districts of the country, continue to be very heavy and are, I fear, constantly increasing. Their affecting situation, as it is reported to us by eye-witnesses, daily presses on our spirits. Oftentimes when I sit down with our dear children, to a plentiful, though simple meal, the thought of the hundreds and thousands of industrious labourers who cannot procure a sufficiency of food rises vividly to my remembrance, together with the query, whether we are doing what we can for their help, or to testify our sympathy in their overwhelming sufferings.

Oh! that it may please the great Disposer of events, who has all hearts in his hand, to overrule the counsels of our legislators, that so all unrighteous and unequal laws may be done away.* The anti-christian system of tithes has, I fear, much to do in this matter, and whilst the interests of a church establishment are so closely interwoven with those of the great landed proprietors, there is but little hope of redress for the people.

Christianity is the only balm for the wounds that everywhere appear. How glorious would be its results, if suffered to pursue its peaceable and beneficent career! Man alas! even whilst professing to promulgate its pure and holy doctrines, obstructs its course by inventions and contrivances of his own,—pollutes the rich streams of this free and ever-flowing fountain, and it is to be feared, drives many, who look more at the conduct of religious professors than at the principles of religion, into absolutely infidelity.

* Alluding to the Corn Laws not then Repealed.

Eighth Month, 17th. Went down to Ipswich by steamer, to accompany our sister S. F. Our brother's sweet situation at Rushmere looked very inviting this fine summer. The verdure of the trees, with their grateful shade by day and their fine appearance when lighted up by the harvest-moon, now near the full, afforded us a tranquil pleasure. But, lovely as is the face of nature, and much as I have always enjoyed rural scenes and sounds, the condition of my fellow-pilgrims upon this earth, of the multitudes that people its varied surface and who are partaking of the sorrows and vicissitudes incident to our mortal state, and training for an eternity of happiness or misery, seems to me the most interesting and absorbing subject, next to that which ought to have the first place,—the inquiry whether the great work is progressing with ourselves individually. I sometimes fear lest my mind is wandering to the ends of the earth, and poring over miseries I have no power to relieve and evils I cannot remedy, when it ought to be pursuing the home-work and heart-work of self-examination, humiliation, and prayer. We may be too excursive as well as too contracted, and both at the same time.

THE HARVEST-MOON.

Thou risest in glory, thou full harvest-moon,
All ruddy and glowing with light,
Like a gem that would rival the splendour of noon,
On the cool, pallid brow of the night.

But as higher thou climbst up yon bright arch of blue,
More pure and resplendent thy beam,
Shedding beauty on all, yet still softening the view
Of hamlet, and woodland, and stream.

How it lights up the fields where the wheat-ear is bending,
And the path of the reaper, whose toil is now ending!
How it floats o'er the breast of the far-spreading ocean,
A pathway of silvery and tremulous motion!

It shines on the heath, where the wild flower is folded,
On the column to art's nicest symmetry moulded,
On the bleak, rugged brow of the pine-covered hill,
On the willowy marge of the lowliest rill.

And, wherever it falls, God's rich bounty expresses,
Who the high and the low in his providence blesses;
Faithful witness in heaven, still renewing the token
Of a covenant love that shall never be broken.

Ninth Month, 7th. Riding out with my husband and sister, a poor man, who said he was an agricultural labourer from Buckinghamshire, asked our charity. His appearance affected my mind, and brought strongly into view the suffering that exists among the poor in many parts of this favoured country. This naturally led to reflections on the blessedness of that state, where want and misery are unknown, and on the employment of those happy spirits who inhabit that region of light and purity. The words of the apostle were brought forcibly, and with sweetness, to mind, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." Without wishing to inquire what may be their precise import, these words may well teach us, that if it be the highest privilege of saints and angels to be found doing the will of God, and if these are employed at his bidding in ministering to the necessities of his children, we ought surely to esteem it a favour of which we are altogether unworthy, to be permitted to minister spiritually or temporally to the wants of our fellow-probationers *here below*.

To J. Forster, (in France.)

TOTTENHAM, Eighth Month 4th, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

..... It is cheering and comforting to hear of individuals in various places, who have been brought under the effectual teaching of the Holy Spirit, sincerely seeking, in the love of Christ our Saviour, to be increasingly conformed to his blessed will; and to believe, that these are united in a precious fellowship, and can salute each other as pilgrims towards a better country, though their outward situations may be widely different. I am glad you have met with such and have found it as a brook by the way at times, whilst passing through countries where superstition reigns, and where the power of man has been employed to restrict, or, if possible, to prevent the spreading of scriptural truth amongst the people,—a barrier that now seems impregnable, but which shall be found utterly feeble, whensoever it shall please the Lord to make his way more fully known upon earth, his saving health among all nations. This was the prayer of the psalmist under the Old Testament dispensation, and may well be the prayer of the church now, seeing that her great and glorious Head is given, not only as a light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of his people Israel, but for salvation unto the ends of the earth. We have been interested also in thy descriptions of the natural scenery with which you are surrounded, and could enter into some of the feelings thou expressed after beholding them. It is *surely* allowable that you should look upon and [redacted]*dmire them*, now you are in the country; though I

can well believe, the moral and spiritual condition of those whose souls must live when mountains and rocks shall have melted away, must be the absorbing object of your consideration.

Maria Fox was now about to enter on her last journey in the service of the Lord. Her husband and herself had obtained the concurrence of their Monthly Meeting to visit a few of the meetings of Friends in some of the northern counties of England and in Scotland, also to attend the General Meeting at Aberdeen, and to hold some meetings with persons not of our religious Society. They left home early in the Eighth Month, for York and Hull, from whence they proceeded, by sea, to Aberdeen. After being at a few meetings with Friends and others in Scotland, they visited Newcastle, Shields, and Sunderland, then went, by Carlisle and Kendal, into Lancashire, in which county they had some religious service, concluding with the Quarterly Meeting at Liverpool.

To a Son.

Edinburgh, Eighth Month, 17th, 1843.

My dear S.,

.....I have now to inform our precious children, that we are safely arrived at the house of our kind friend J, Wigham, and desire that our hearts may be humbled in gratitude to our heavenly Father, for the mercies extended to us, in bringing us thus far on our way, without injury. We had a very

pleasant voyage yesterday; the sea smooth and quiet, the sun shining beautifully, and, when its light was withdrawn, the moon silvering the waters. But, soon after midnight, the weather became more cloudy, and this morning it was exceedingly thick and hazy, so that our captain could not see his way, or easily discover whereabouts we were. On this account we proceeded very slowly in order to guard against unseen dangers; sounding our bell at intervals, and keeping a sharp look-out for land or vessels. At length a French boat came in sight, and, from the earnest gesticulations of all on board her, we could easily perceive they considered us in danger of running on the rocks. A few seconds showed us the cause of their alarm, by opening partially to our view, through the thick mist, lofty and craggy rocks, on which, notwithstanding the apparent smoothness of the water, a fearful surf was running, whilst the head of our vessel was standing directly towards them, and seemed to the passengers, to be within a stone's throw. "Helm a-port! and hard-on!" was the word instantly given by the captain, and the passengers ordered to one side of the vessel, to assist her going about. It was a solemn moment, as we all stood silently watching the effect; but through the mercy of our Heavenly Father extended at this season of peril, she came round, and we just cleared this formidable barrier. For some hours after this, (which occurred about eleven o'clock) we could see nothing more of the coast, and the captain was, in consequence, exceedingly anxious. We now stood far off to sea, still going on very slowly, and with the prospect of standing out for the night, if the mist did not lessen,

having no clue whereby to venture up the Frith of Forth. The sun made many attempts to break through the fog, but it constantly settled again as thick as ever, till about two o'clock, p.m., when a gentle breeze sprang up, and in a few minutes cleared the whole scene, giving it the most beautiful, summer-like appearance, and showing clearly our course. What a proof of the providential care and goodness of the Lord, who can keep us by land or sea!.....

To C. F.

TOTTENHAM, Ninth Month, 27th, 1843.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

..... We were favoured to return in safety last Sixth-day. We have had a long and interesting journey, attended, thou wilt not doubt, with many exercises of faith, and performed under a sense of our own weakness which it would not be easy to express, yet affording, in the retrospect, much cause for humble gratitude, in that we were helped from day to day, and, I trust, permitted to realize something of the guidance of the Great and Good Shepherd; though this was often step by step, and with little ability to look forward. We were at all the meetings in Scotland (that is only five) and felt much interested for the little company in profession with Friends in that country, scattered as they are over so large a space, and in such small numbers.....

The natural beauties of the country are great. We saw much fine scenery, though we were not in the part visited by tourists, having travelled all the way from Aberdeen, and across the counties of

Cumberland and Westmoreland, without once seeing a lake. The ranges of mountains and the diversified features of the country, the magnificence of the principal cities and the moral and intellectual culture of the population, we could not fail to observe and admire; though not without its drawbacks. Man is man everywhere, and, without the regenerating power of true, vital Christianity operating in his heart, brings forth the wild grapes of his corrupt and fallen nature,—bitter and unprofitable fruit!

Maria Fox's journal and letters will be appropriately concluded by the insertion of the last entry made in the former. The circumstances under which it was written,—only two weeks previously to her illness,—and the sentiments which it contains, render it peculiarly interesting as well as instructive. In exhibiting her humble walk with God, her grateful sense of his mercies, her desire to order her household in true wisdom and in the fear of the Lord, together with her Christian solicitude for her beloved children, these few and simple lines furnish a beautiful epitome of her life and character.

Twelfth Month, 1*st*. Poor, weak, and unworthy of the least of the Lord's mercies, I yet desire gratefully and humbly to acknowledge that they are new every morning; and under some fresh sense of this my heart is tendered at this time. The last few weeks have been a time of no small exertion and some anxiety. *We have just* accomplished a remove from the house

we have occupied for more than five years. It was a home of many comforts to us, but had some disadvantages as to situation,—inconvenient to my dear husband, and, some of our friends have thought, prejudicial to his health On this ground, it has seemed right to avail ourselves of an unexpected opportunity for making a change. At the same time, we have felt an anxious concern that we might not be permitted to make a mistake in this matter. The adaptation of an outward habitation not merely to the convenience, but, what is of still more consequence, to the real welfare of a family, is a point of some importance. We have been fearful lest a rather larger house and something perhaps of a more genteel appearance might, in any degree, prove injurious to our dear children, by giving them ideas above what we would desire for them. Our secret petitions have been that we and they may be preserved in the path of true simplicity, and have our affections increasingly placed on things above, and that nothing may be permitted to mar the peace of the soul, or prevent us from the daily cultivation of a calm, confiding spirit. My soul desires, at this time, the help of the Holy Spirit, to maintain the Christian temper, and to walk before our household in true wisdom and in the fear of the Lord.

CHAPTER VIII.

We are now come to the period when Maria Fox's earthly course was about to terminate,—when, in her own experience, the reality of those truths in which she believed, and which she had so often publicly advocated, was to be brought to the test,—when a final and decided proof was to be given that her faith in the Lord Jesus Christ was not the mere product of an ardent and lively imagination, but something substantial and unchanging in its character, adequate to support her under the pressure of illness, and in the solemn hour of death itself.

S. and M. Fox removed to their new abode at Tottenham about the middle of the Eleventh Month, and, whilst entering with lively interest into all that concerned the comfort of her family, it is remarkable how often she spoke of the change as emblematical of another of far greater importance, even from the earthly house of this tabernacle to "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." At this time she wore all the appearance of more than an ordinary share of health, and seemed to be capable of entering on an enlarged sphere of active duties; but such was not the design of Him whose ways are

not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. In his inscrutable wisdom, he was about to release his handmaid from her service in the church below, to unite in the perfect and more glorious services of the church above.

The following narrative of her illness and of the closing scene is extracted, almost verbatim, from the notes taken by two of her kind friends and attendants:—

On the evening of Sixth-day, the 15th of Twelfth Month, she was suddenly seized with hemorrhage from the lungs. Her husband had just left her to attend to some business in the village, and to be summoned home from such a cause was a shock great indeed; but under these circumstances, so unexpected and awful, it was evident that his beloved companion was not unprepared for such a stroke; for, although she appeared for a few minutes acutely to feel her situation, she was presently favoured with great composure, saying, "I am very calm,—I feel I am in my heavenly Father's hands." Later in the evening, the same alarming symptoms returned, and with much greater violence than before, and they recurred several times during the next three days. Weakened as she was by these attacks, so serious in their character and so overwhelming to those around her, she was preserved in remarkable tranquility; her care and solicitude for others were still conspicuous, and, being forbidden to use her voice, many were the sweet messages that she wrote, proving her tender thought for those dearest to her, and for her absent friends.

17*th.* After breakfast, her eldest son read the fourteenth chapter of John, in her chamber. A sweet quiet succeeded, when a few remarks were made on the Saviour's words, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." This appeared to be a comfort to her; and it was indeed abundantly evident that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, did keep her heart and mind through Jesus Christ.

19*th.* She was, indeed, enabled to comfort others with the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God. Her breathing had become much oppressed, and, whilst her husband was supporting her in bed, she said, "I think, my precious love, unworthy as I am, that the everlasting Arm is underneath." She afterwards told him how frequently she had derived encouragement from the words which a beloved friend and minister of the gospel had lately addressed to them: "Be of good cheer, my brother: I feel the bottom, and it is good." On another occasion, to one who approached her bedside, "I am still clinging to the Rock that is higher than I."

20*th.* After recovering from a severe fit of coughing, she said, in a very impressive manner "Peace, be still; and there was a great calm! The winds and the waves rage till He speaks the word, but no longer." The exertion of the voice was so much forbidden, that no protracted conversation could be held, but different portions of Scripture were frequently repeated or referred to by her, as well as *verses of fa*vourite hymns; and she was often vocally [redacted]*gaged in pra*yer and thanksgiving to her heavenly

Father, whose tender love and compassion were so evident throughout this season of trial, and were so often acknowledged by herself, saying at one time, "I am sweetly folded in my Saviour's arms," and at another, "My comforts are very great, they flow as a river,—all is peace and rest and joy."

22*nd*. When E. C. M. visited her, in the morning, he remarked that he believed many hearts were lifted up in prayer for her restoration, if it were right in the divine sight: she sweetly answered, "Rather let them pray that I may be enabled to say fully,—Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done."

27*th*. It was a striking feature in her state of mind, during the rapid course of this illness, that her natural affections, sanctified as they were by divine grace, shone forth with peculiar brightness and tenderness. "I want to tell thee," she said to her husband, "how thy tender love helps me."

Whenever she was able to bear the exertion, she took great pleasure in seeing her children, and entered with her usual tender interest into their pursuits and gratifications; yet it was instructive to observe that her mind was preserved from thoughtfulness or anxiety respecting them. She reposed on the bosom of divine mercy and love, on their account as well as her own, expressing the gratitude she felt to some beloved relatives, who, in consequence of their mother's illness, had taken in her two younger sons as guests during their vacation. She rejoiced in their safe and happy allotment, saying, "It is a comfort for me to think of by day and by night."

Nor were her sympathies even now, under the pressure of severe bodily illness, confined to her own family; those of whom whilst in health she had ever been mindful—the sick and the afflicted—still shared her thoughts; and she repeatedly requested that some of the nice things provided for her might be sent to them.

30*th*. This morning she repeated, in a faint but clear voice, the first four stanzas of the hymn beginning—

"Incarnate God, the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious power
May dwell in undisturb'd repose,
Nor fear the trying hour."

The fifth chapter of Romans was afterwards read to her, to which she listened with much attention, remarking, when it was finished, "How full! What can be more so?"

She spoke, as she had done before, of the compassionate regard of her Saviour, remarking what support she had derived from looking to Him, on occasions of very trying suffering. The peaceful repose of her soul in her God and Saviour, was appropriately and beautifully described, in the following language of the psalmist, which she often quoted, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only, makest me dwell in safety." On refreshment being given her, she recited some lines of a hymn, to which she frequently referred, in the course of her illness,—

"How much better thou'rt attended,
Than the Son of God could be,"—

and then repeated the annunciation to the shepherds, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born, this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord;" concluding with the praises of the heavenly host, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

1844, *First Month, 5th.* When her medical attendant called in the morning, he remarked that he did not think she had improved the last few days. As he left the room she shed a few tears, and said to her companion, "My dear, you must pray for me, for I am almost too weak to pray for myself." With this exception, it is not believed that any thing caused her to shed a tear during her illness: indeed, it seemed as if all doubt and fear were removed, and not a cloud was permitted to darken her truly peaceful and happy state of mind.

Whilst her daily and hourly thoughts were of God, and out of the abundance of the heart she was so frequently led to testify of that goodness, mercy, and truth which did not fail her in this time of affliction, and notwithstanding the great exhaustion of her frame, her original brilliancy and liveliness of thought would occasionally show themselves, bringing before her friends the recollection of what she was in health.

9th. This day was very quietly passed, with as little suffering as any. When her husband was leaving her for the night, she called him back, saying, with a countenance expressive of the peace that reigned within,—

"Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on my head."

In the course of the night, she sent a message of dearest love to him, and, when asked if he might be told she was comfortable, answered, "Yes, not only comfortable, but *very* comfortable." When he returned in the morning, she told him the night had been "full of blessings,—loaded with benefits."

11*th*. On settling down for the night, she said, "And now, O Lord, thou Keeper of Israel, thou Guide and Guardian of thy people, to thee we commend our souls." Awakening about the middle of the night, she remarked, "We are having a balmy night: 'He giveth his people a song in the night.'" "Yes," it was replied, "songs many." She rejoined, "Yes,—songs of deliverance, songs of gratitude, songs of praise, and songs of thanksgiving."

13*th*. Her faith and patience were now to be put to a still closer proof. To langour and weakness was to be added, in the order of divine discipline, severe bodily pain. Towards the morning of this day an attack of spasms came on, from which she suffered for some hours; yet never during the whole time did the least complaint or murmur escape her. When under great weakness and faintness, she looked up and said, "Say something to comfort me." The Scripture passage was quoted, "Even the youths shall faint and be weary,"—"but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." She seemed *gladly* to accept these words of encouragement, and [redacted]*pplied* with emphasis a part of what had been

omitted: "He giveth power to the faint." In the course of the day, when much exhausted, she sweetly said,—

"Jesus is my living bread:
He supports my fainting head."

In the evening, being better, she remarked, "It is now over and got through;" shortly after adding—

"When first thou didst thy all commit
To Him upon the mercy-seat,
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust his wisdom, love, and power."

The night which followed this day of bodily suffering was one of peculiar serenity and even enjoyment; she sent her dearest love to her husband in the next room, and desired he might be told she was "exceedingly comfortable, spiritually and temporally." "I feel," wrote one of her attendants, "it would be impossible for me to describe the sweet tranquility of this night, the last on which it was my happy privilege to attend her. And when I again entered her room at noon I thought I had never seen any thing so lovely as she then looked: she was dozing, but there was something so beautiful, so heavenly, in the expression of her countenance, that it made an impression on my mind never to be forgotten."

15*th*, *Second-day*. When her husband came to her early in the morning, she said, in a tone of the tenderest affection, "I am so delighted to see thee! I have been thinking of thee with so much love!"

Towards noon she became much exhausted, but said she had no pain. She was now gradually sinking, and

it was evident to those who were watching beside her that the last moment was near. It would be difficult to convey any idea of the sweetness of her manner and countenance,—it told of peace and of safety in the hand of Him whom she had loved and served. In the evening, on her husband's inquiring, "Is my dearest Maria comfortable?" she answered, "*Thoroughly.*" At last, when it was supposed the power of speech was gone, he bent over her, and, amidst the utmost silence of that silent chamber, said, "My dearest knows her Saviour loves her;" to which she distinctly replied, "*Yes, and I am reposing in his love.*" After this she lay very quietly till a little before eleven, when she drew a longer breath than usual, and one or two gentle sighs released the immortal spirit to sleep in Jesus. When all was over as far as this life was concerned, her husband knelt down and returned praise to Him who had so gently lifted her out of the dark valley of the shadow of death, and translated her, through the riches of his love and mercy in Christ Jesus, into the mansions of eternal glory.

Thus have we traced, through the varied stages of her earthly course, the circumstances and the religious experience of this servant of Christ. And in her own simple record of the operations of divine grace upon her soul,—of her fervent and abiding concern to surrender to its sanctifying influence every faculty of her mind,—and of the power of that faith which gave her the victory *through* Jesus Christ her Lord, the reader will *have been* presented with a view of her character,

more calculated to impress and to instruct than any elaborate delineation of the gifts and qualifications with which she was endowed. All, therefore, that remains to be added are a few tributes to her memory from the pens of some of her friends. The first of these consists of extracts from letters written by a much esteemed minister of the Gospel, B. Seebohm, to his wife, after she had joined the bereaved mourners on the deeply affecting occasion when the mortal remains were consigned to their long home.

"As it regards herself, fully prepared as we can thankfully believe she was to stand before the throne of the Highest clothed with the beautiful garments of salvation, the robe of her Saviour's righteousness, we cannot but esteem it an especial act of his grace and mercy, that with a frame and a spirit so peculiarly delicate and so exquisitely sensitive, the work was thus cut short in righteousness, and long-protracted conflict spared to one who seemed so much better fitted for the converse of the blessed in heaven than to contend with the struggles of the mortal flesh on earth. But what must be the feelings of the dear bereaved partner and the precious children! The one indeed had all in a wife that a husband could desire, the other all in a mother that children could need; but, though this all has been lost on earth, they have the consolation of believing that whilst to her to live was Christ, to die has been gain, and that though she can return no more to them they may go to her and be happy with her for ever in the *Lord.*

I can still hardly realise the solemn fact that she is now no more. When I look back to the days of our early acquaintance under the maternal wing of dear S. Hustler,—her own and her sister's tarriance at Bradford under peculiarly interesting circumstances,* — our little journeyings together, when her mind had but recently taken a decidedly religious turn,—and when I remember the evident growth in grace that had been experienced and which was apparent at our next interview at Southampton, where I first heard the sweet but clear though trembling accents of her new-born ministry, and recollect what strength it had attained on her subsequent visit to our meeting not long after her change of name,—how wonderfully it had been preserved through the most agitated period of later history, what a character and standing it had obtained amongst her friends, and the field of usefulness there seemed open before her in a church where indeed the labourers are so few,—and when I see that all this 'promise fair' is cut off in a moment, the dispensation seems indeed mysterious, but not on that account the less marked as His whose ways are not as our ways, whose thoughts are far above our thoughts, and who only, seeing the end from the beginning, does all things well and wisely."

This graphic description will doubtless meet a feeling response in the hearts of all who were acquainted with Maria Fox; and even by the general reader it can scarcely be perused without exciting

* After their Father's death.

a deep and touching interest. The same remarks apply also to the following lines, written by one of her friends, Sarah Wheeler, on receiving a likeness of the beloved departed one.

"I have now to thank thee for the likeness, which we shall greatly prize, as reminding us of one whom we truly loved and honoured, and whose memory will ever be fondly cherished by some of us. Not indeed that we needed any thing to recall her to remembrance; for truly we must forget all that has ever called forth our admiration as lovely or beautiful in character, every exemplification of Christian excellence, before the image of our beloved friend can be effaced from our hearts. For my own part, I may say that no female character it has been my privilege to know has ever seemed to me so beautifully perfect as hers; and, although now the subject is not unmingled with mournful feelings, I often enjoy to dwell upon it. Richly gifted as she was by nature, and combining in rather a peculiar manner the finest qualities of mind and heart,—the entire simplicity which marked her, and the absence of every thing like selfish feeling, often seemed to me the crowning charm. She did indeed *adorn* the doctrine of God our Saviour, and perhaps few have ever rendered that doctrine more attractive to those younger or less experienced than herself. And now how delightful to think of her as rejoicing in the unveiled presence of Him whose image she so sweetly bore on earth, and the exceeding abundance of whose grace she did indeed exemplify in her daily walk whilst amongst us!

Surely the possession and the loss of such a friend should stimulate us to fresh diligence in the heavenly race, by exhibiting the beauty of a life of holiness, and the blessedness of the consummation to which it leads."

In conclusion is added the testimony of another well known minister of the gospel, J. J. Gurney, who, although not so intimately acquainted with the subject of this memoir as those who have been already quoted, highly appreciated her standing and service in the church.

"I am one of those who deeply mourn the loss which the Society of Friends and the church of Christ at large have sustained by the death of Maria Fox. She was in the strength of her years and in the maturity of her religious experience. She possessed a healthy, well-balanced mind; and whilst she was firmly attached to the religious principles and practices in which she had been educated, believing them to approach more nearly to the strength, purity, and spirituality of primitive Christianity than any other view or form of religion with which she was acquainted, she was destitute of even the least infusion of a sectarian spirit. That she was devout and constant in the perusal of the Holy Scriptures, and that she diligently searched those sacred treasures with which they abound, was manifest from the deeply instructive manner in which she was enabled, in the exercise of *the precious* gift of the ministry, to unfold the divine *and saving* truths of which they testify. Her life

was in Christ; and she knew it to be at once her duty and her privilege to listen to the Shepherd's voice within, and to follow Him in all things in the obedience of faith.

In her religious communications were combined the strong lines of truth with the persuasive influence of gentleness, tenderness, and love; and surely it was by the Lord alone that she was called to a work so humiliating to her sensitive nature, and by his anointing only was she qualified to perform it. Whilst her soul was deeply imbued with a sense of the importance of the fundamental doctrines of the gospel, she never lost sight of the practical results into which they are designed to lead, even a life of holiness and of devotedness to the service of Christ, under the immediate guidance and influence, the quickening and sanctifying power, of the Holy Ghost.

By grace alone she was what she was,—she knew that Jesus himself was the only way to the Father, and, as she approached the confines of an invisible and eternal state of existence, she cast herself without reserve on his perfect righteousness and all-availing propitiation; and in the power of an endless life, as we reverently believe, she passed away from this sublunary scene of change and sorrow to the fulness of rest, joy, and happiness, in the presence of his glory."

PENRYN: PRINTED BY J. GILL AND SON.